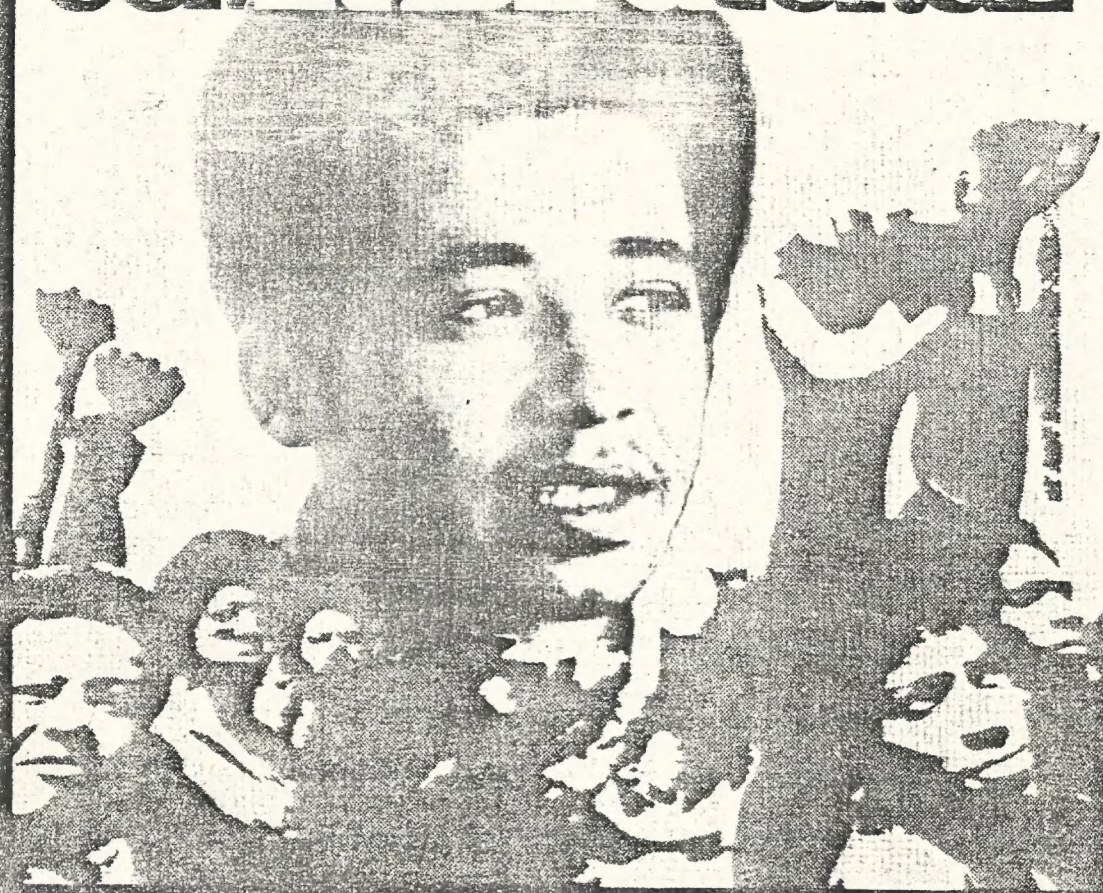


301.312.1122 FAX 113
TEL. 842-3144

COMRADE GEORGE



**An Investigation into
the Official Story of
his Assassination
His Work for the People
and their Response
to his Death**

Red Prison Movement

\$200

CAFÉ COMMUN COMMUNIC
201 MILTON, MI. 48224

SAFE COMMUN COMMUNE
201 MILTON, MTL. H2X 1V5
TEL. 842-3344



COMRADE GEORGE

Text by Eric Mann

TABLE OF CONTENTS

George Jackson — The Official Story of his Assassination.....page	1
The Motives for the Conspiracy.....	14
George as a Revolutionary Leader.....	18
The Soledad 7 Case.....	23
The Impact of George's Murder on the People's Struggle.....	28
The Attack on the Attorneys.....	30
The San Quentin 6.....	37
The Attack on the Jackson Family.....	40
Revolutionary Retaliation.....	41
The Mancino Deposition.....	46
The Second Autopsy Report.....	48
Attica.....	50
 Blood in my Eye — a discussion of George's last book.....	 52
Statement of the Red Prison Movement.....	58

GEORGE JACKSON

All my life I've done exactly what I wanted to do just when I wanted, no more, perhaps less sometimes, but never any more, which explains why I had to be jailed. "Man was born free but everywhere in chains!" I never adjusted, I haven't adjusted even yet, with half my life already spent in prison.

Some people are going to get killed out of this situation that is growing. That is not a warning (or wishful thinking.) I see it as an "unavoidable consequence" of placing and leaving control of our lives in the hands of men like Ronald Reagan.

This is not the first attempt the institution (camp) has made to murder me. It is the most determined attempt, but not the first.

George Jackson
from Soledad Brother

**AVENGE THE DEATH
OF GEORGE JACKSON
COME TO HALL OF
INJUSTICE, S. F.
RALLY 8 TONIGHT**

A hand scrawled poster on Berkeley's Telegraph Avenue.

At first it didn't register. Strange that they said "George." They must mean Jonathan, a memorial rally on the first anniversary of his murder. "No!" they couldn't have killed George too. Ran up to the woman putting up the posters.

"I know you're really busy but could you please tell me what happened. George was my friend, he pulled me through a year and a half in prison."

"Nobody knows. Everything's real confused. They say George was shot trying to escape. The warden's gonna have a press conference tonight. Nothing makes any sense. But he is dead."

She was right, nothing made any sense. George had been saying they would try to kill him before the trial. But still, even after My Lai, after Kent, after Fred Hampton there is still something in me that resists fully accepting how bestial this country is, that responds to each new murder not only with anger, but shock.

George Jackson had conquered the horror of the solitary torture reserved for the most unmanageable inmates. Not by deadening his senses. "I can truthfully say that prison is not any less painful now than during my first experience" which he described as "like dying" but by using every inch of space in his life to serve the revolution. His cell was the gym that produced a legendary guerilla body. His cell was the library that produced a brilliant philosopher and strategist, "the greatest writer of us all" as Huey P. Newton called him. George was considered such a threat to the California prison system that black inmates who gave him the black power salute as he was led in chains across the yard were thrown into the hole. Revolutions are not immune to cliches. But "George Jackson Lives" is no hollow slogan. The impact of his life has just begun, and will continue to grow as a growing people's movement struggles to "live like him."

George Jackson was arrested almost 11 years ago for stealing \$70 from a gas station. On the advice of a Public Defender, provided free by the system to preserve the illusion of justice for the black and poor, he accepted a deal and pleaded guilty. He had been promised a short county jail term. He was given an indeterminate sentence, one year to life. Depending upon his progress towards rehabilitation he could have been released any time from one year to when he rotted in his cell at 72. All power to the California Adult Authority, the parole board, the life and death board subject to no popular control. If George had been released from prison he would have been released on parole - for life, subject to be "violated" at any time with no reason required. [This is the indeterminate sentence reformers like Ramsey Clark hail as the wave of the future in progressive penology, the wave that California is pioneering, that the upper class dreamers never plan to ride personally, and that is the nightmare of the poor and rebellious.]

George came to understand that even the nightmare of a lifelong parole - with Ronald Reagan, as he did with Eldridge Cleaver, holding the other end of the reins - would be denied him. Parole is considered a privilege for the obedient, not available for unrepentant cons like George.

The pigs recognized George as a great revolutionary leader before George himself fully recognized it. They locked him away from the other inmates to keep his brilliant mind and powerful example "segregated" from the more impressionable cons who they hoped to rehabilitate with a parole and turn loose to enjoy the freedom of a \$2.25 an hour assembly line job or a bloody death in Vietnam.

America can afford to lose \$70. Stealing \$70 in a system that demands the poor accept what they are given is only punishable by 3 or 4 years locked in a cage. But the crime of understanding that the armed poor shall inherit the earth and explaining that to your brothers is punishable by a lifetime of solitary confinement, disciplinary boards, ship-outs from one prison to another, Adjustment Centers, beatings, denial of books, harassment of visitors, intercepting and destroying of your mail, verbal abuse, and death threats.

The pigs put George through this excruciating torture to "Make an example out of 'em," to show the weaker in spirit what happens to those who rebel. But his captors discovered that there were grave risks in setting up George Jackson as a test case. They used every weapon imaginable, they threw their best punches, and when those failed they figured the cumulative weight of the pain would wear George

down. But for 11 years the cons, and increasingly, the people in the streets watched George's mind, body and spirit grow stronger. The system had created a revolutionary monster. They had indeed made an example out of him.

The prison authorities want us to believe that George was killed trying to escape in a hastily planned move when his plans were discovered prematurely. George never denied that he would consider an escape. He told a N.Y. Times reporter last April, "The whole truth is that I would hope to escape."

But hoping to escape and planning to escape are two very different things. George as a revolutionary openly advocated the moral right of the caged to break out by any means necessary. But that is hardly evidence to prove he attempted to do so at the time and in the manner put forth in the official story.

All prisoners advocate the right to escape. Listen in the dining halls where they're herded like diseased cattle to hurriedly force down the metal trays of starch before being herded back to the cell block for a night of checkers, whist, television, harassment, and if they are not real obedient - the hole. Find a prisoner who says he doesn't believe in the moral right to escape and you've found a masochist or, more likely, a liar.

George had already served 11 years in prison, most in solitary, for stealing \$70. He faced a lifetime in prison at the minimum and the death penalty if he was convicted in the upcoming Soledad Brothers trial (discussed later). He had no "legal" hopes of hitting the streets. Of course he considered escape - as he should have.

But George was in no need of a desperate escape attempt. At the time of his death he had become a powerful enemy of the state. He was a revolutionary author. His book, "Soledad Brother," had sold 300,000 copies. There would be more books to write, and an anxious audience awaiting them. George was the spiritual and strategic leader of the highly advanced black prisoners movement in the California prisons.



He had joined the Black Panther Party, and was given the military rank of Field Marshal, giving him a vital organizational link to the outside. The Panther Paper was printing his articles regularly. The Panther papers showed George as a brilliant military leader addressing himself to overall questions of revolutionary strategy. After 10 years of virtually no contact with anyone except his family and a few close friends, George was being deluged by attorneys, defense committee staff, reporters, and new friends.

That does not mean that he would not consider escape. It only means that George was in no sense desperate. He had an important trial coming up which he had planned to use as a national forum to attack the prison system. He would have months of being taken back and forth from the prison where the tactical possibilities of an escape anywhere along the route would be infinitely better than trying to break out of maximum security adjustment center. *It was his enemies, not George who were desperate.*

George Jackson was killed because his enemies could not let him get any stronger. They preferred to risk the anger over George's death, which they figured would blow over quickly in fad crazed Amerika (when was the last time we felt My Lai) rather than allowing him to live and deal them mortal blows every day from his command post inside their handcuffs and cage.

Somewhere in the California prison system that begins with Governor Ronald Reagan and ends with the lowly guards in the Adjustment Center, a decision was made to murder George Jackson. The logic and facts of the bloody events in the Adjustment Center do not point to an escape plan that backfired. Just the opposite. They point to an attempt to assassinate George that backfired.

These charges can be proved, not just asserted. Let's begin by examining the official story the prison authorities want us to believe about George's death.

THE OFFICIAL STORY

On Saturday, August 21, George was visited by an attorney, Stephen Bingham, and a black woman who signed her name as Vanitia Witherspoon Anderson. Ms. Anderson was not allowed to visit George, but Bingham was. Once during the visit Bingham went out to purchase some cigarettes, leaving his briefcase and his tape recorder in the visiting cell. After his visit, George was taken back to the Adjustment Center, the maximum security segregation unit where he and 26 other inmates were confined, by a prison guard, Frank DeLeon. As Jackson was about to be skin-searched DeLeon noticed something in Jackson's hair. He thought it was a pencil. Jackson moved into action, pulled a gun from his hair, injected a clip of bullets into the gun before the amazed guards, and either killed DeLeon first and opened the cells himself, or forced DeLeon to open them, then killed him. The prisoners rushed from the cells, grabbed other guards in the area, and systematically murdered them by hacking at their throats with contraband weapons made by attaching a razor blade to the end of a toothbrush. Two white inmates who refused to go along with the escape plan were also killed in the same manner. The guards were disrobed, because the inmates planned to use their uniforms as disguises. Another officer, Jere Graham, who came into the Adjustment Center to transfer a guard to another area, was grabbed by the prisoners and also killed. After all this, the noise finally alerted a guard outside of the floor where the struggle was going on, and an alarm was sounded. Jackson and another inmate, Johnny Spain, made a run for the wall, while the other inmates decided it was futile and retreated back to their cells. Jackson was shot as he approached one of the gun towers manned by sharpshooter guards, and Spain, who hid in the bushes in the yard, was unhurt. The rest of the prisoners were taken to the yard outside the Adjustment Center, stripped, given very close haircuts, and held at gunpoint for 7 hours while the Adjustment Center was meticulously searched for additional weapons and other contraband possibly used in the escape plan.

An examination of each major assertion in the pigs' story would be book length. But we can look into several of the key assertions which, if disproven, undermine their whole story.

Item: Steven Bingham brought Jackson a gun, a clip of ammunition, and a wig which Jackson expected to use to bring the weapon back to the Adjustment Center where it would be stored for a future escape.

*The gun could not have been brought in in a tape recorder as has been asserted. Originally, reporters and critics questioned how a gun got through the

metal detector. In order to handle that they said that Bingham was tested but his briefcase was not. The S.F. Examiner (Tuesday August 24) was told by San Quentin Associate Warden James Park that when Bingham came to see Jackson, "guards looked into the briefcase and checked the batteries of the recorder." Park said "he did not know whether the recorder had been checked farther than that."

Park's statement is a lie because it consciously avoids telling the people what the *standard* procedure for checking tape recorders at the prison is - a procedure that would make using it as a gun transport impossible. I have spoken to several lawyers who represent maximum security prisoners at the Adjustment Center. They have all told me that their tape recorders are *played* which is why the information was omitted. But in the same article, the reporters quietly inserted this information right next to Park's statement, but did so without pointing out the obvious contradiction. "Recent standing instructions call for guards to make certain that tape recorders brought to the prison actually operate."

*Bingham could never have passed the materials to Jackson in the single cell visiting room reserved for special prisoners.

In April 1970, before he was nationally known, George Jackson wrote to Fay Stender, his attorney at the time, "The three of us (John Clutchette and Fleeta Drumgo, the other two Soledad Brothers) are the only convicts in this joint who have half-hour visits, *with a special guard, handcuffed and chained.*"

Prison regulations about any moves that even *seem* to be involved in passing materials are extremely strict.

I did the last 9 months of my sentence at Concord State Prison in Massachusetts. I had my visit in the regular visiting room with other cons, not a special cell. One Saturday I received a visit from one of my attorneys. The visiting room was very crowded, about 150 cons and their visitors, and was supervised by three or four guards. My attorney offered me a lifesaver and I accepted. Seconds later a guard came running over and severely reprimanded my attorney, telling him that at no time were his hands to pass over the table in my direction, let alone pass me anything.

We are supposed to believe that George Jackson, the most hated prisoner in the California prison system, whose visits were personally supervised by a guard, would devise a plan where he expected to be able to have a gun, a wig, and an ammunition clip passed to him under the guards' nose, fit the gun and clip under his wig, adjust the wig, without being detected.

**There was no way for George to get the gun past the prison guards into his cell where he could either hide it or get it somewhere else to be hidden.*

First, it has become apparent that the story devised is so absurd that not only couldn't George have gotten the weapons into his cell, he couldn't have even made it undetected the 50 yards from the visiting room to the Adjustment Center.

On Saturday, August 28, the San Francisco Chronicle ran an amazing front page feature story, entitled "Pistol and Wig Experiment." After a week of a growing undercurrent of unhappiness with the many inconsistencies in the official story, this was the first establishment criticism that openly challenged it.

The Chronicle brought together a model, an Afro wig, and an automatic pistol yesterday in an attempt to re-enact a key sequence in the bloody events at San Quentin Prison a week ago.

Prison sources identified the gun as a Spanish made Astra M-600. This 9mm weapon is 8-1/8 inches long, 1-1/4 inches wide. It weighs approximately two and a half pounds.

An identical weapon was laid on a table before a model wearing an Afro wig. The grip handles were removed, as they were from the smuggled piece.

His attempts to hide the gun by lifting the front of the wig and sliding the weapon onto the top of his head failed.

He eventually removed the wig, placed the gun inside, and forced the hair piece back on his head with some struggle. The wig was obviously askew, and with every step he took the gun wobbled dangerously, bringing his hands instinctively to his head.

If the wig theory is sound, Jackson would have had to walk 50 yards under the eyes of a guard before he reached the Adjustment Center where authorities say the gun was finally spotted.



The Astra M-600; small enough to hide under a wig?

THE SYSTEM AND THE ESTABLISHMENT PRESS

It's necessary at this point to interrupt the examination of their evidence to discuss one of the central relationships in the whole public trial of George Jackson, and almost all the events in our lives that we don't experience directly, the role of the media. Even those of us who consider ourselves revolutionary have been conditioned over the years to place a certain amount of trust in the establishment press. We try to critically read the "news," read between the lines, analyze for bias, but still we buy the damn things and accept a lot more of the stories that they present than we realize. But in having to depend a lot more on the straight newspapers than usual, because so far very little information has leaked out, I have been shocked at the systematic and conscious dishonesty of the news coverage, and the close working relationship between the newspapers and the prison system.

At about 8:30 the night George was murdered Associate Warden Park went on television and announced the basic outlines of the official story. Since then the story has been altered, contradicted, re-contradicted almost daily. Park announced on Tuesday August 30 that he was taking leave of absence because of "extreme strain." The rumor is that by putting out the official story so soon he tied the hands of the prison system and forced them to improvise within his basic outline.

The way the process works is as follows: Commissioner of Corrections Procunier (top man in the California prison system who has taken over the public relations role in the case), Warden Nelson, and Associate Warden Park have made very few direct statements to the press. And yet every story in the Chronicle and the Examiner are filled with official-sounding quotes putting forth very damaging assertions about how George was killed. The solution: "the reliable source," "a high prison official." This serves two purposes. It begins the competition for public opinion by putting forth trial balloons. If the public buys it and it seems to stand up to criticism it becomes incorporated into the official story and evidence can be manufactured to support it. If it proves to be unpopular or embarrassing it is withdrawn, and since it was never attributed to a specific person, no one can be held responsible. Usually, this procedure is used when government officials want to sound out public reaction to controversial policy. *But this seems to be one of the first times it is being done with supposed facts.*

The process is most clear in the story about the gun George supposedly had smuggled in to him. All week the story was that George had used a Spanish Astra-600. The Chronicle went to great lengths to show us how meticulously they had duplicated the official explanation in their experiment. But on Sunday, the day after the experiment story had caused many people to question the official version of George's death, some *new* facts appeared about the gun. On Sunday, the right-wing Examiner and the liberal Chronicle merge into one Sunday paper - The Examiner-Chronicle. In a front-page story written by Alice Yarish, mainly about Ruchell Magee, we are told in the last paragraph:

Despite reports published elsewhere that the gun allegedly smuggled to Jackson was a Spanish-made Astra M-600 about 8-1/8 inches long, the weapon actually was a Spanish-made Llama Corto (short) 5-3/4 inches long, firing a .380 projectile.

Totally incredible. First, she in no way refers to *why* she has chosen to tell us about the mistaken gun size, she just includes it in an article as if she is talking about the weather. She does not even acknowledge that *her* facts are much more convenient for the prison authorities since the whole point of the previous day's experiment was to show that the gun couldn't even fit under the wig because it was too long and heavy. Second, she is introducing a fact inconspicuously now so that it will be picked up in other stories and within a week people will have forgotten that the original story said the gun was an Astra-600 and that story was out almost a week before it was withdrawn because of the Chronicle expose.

Third, who told all this to Alice Yarish? She writes with great authority, hiding behind the front page of a paper so many people take on Sunday along with their minister's sermon to be the gospel, brazenly telling us that "actually" the gun wasn't what we thought it was. But when, in anger, we try to show that the official story was different, we check back in the papers and find that we were told by "a high prison source," hardly an easy person to locate. Alice Yarish doesn't even hide behind the "reliable sources have told me" bit, and yet no one is in the slightest bit angry. But if Huey Newton wrote an article and brazenly said that "Steven Bingham's tape recorder was a Sony Dual Cassette with tri-fi cartridges and a wheel base of 5 3/4 inches," every white person in the country would scream, "How does he know, where are his sources?"

Finally, the "reports published elsewhere" that Alice Yarish refers to were reports published the day before in the same goddamn paper she writes for.

This book was originally printed in a series of articles in a Boston weekly, the Phoenix. Several months later some people in California brought them to the attention of Alice Yarish. She was very upset because "I fear it has created a doubt among the prisoners and the media of my credibility and competence. I fear it has also served to dry up my prison contacts. I wondered why Ruchell Magee would no longer communicate with me?"

So she wrote an article for the Pacific Sun - a radical weekly in California - to explain her side of the story. It turns out, and we have no reason not to believe her, that the last paragraph in her story, the one which was consciously inserted to support the fraudulent story put forth by the prison officials, was not written by her. It was written by Ed Montgomery, the F.B.I.'s key contact on the staff, and, without consulting her, was put under her byline. She says in the Pacific Sun: "On Sunday when I read the front page story under my byline I was surprised to see that a paragraph had been appended, by whom I had no idea."

Alice Yarish was thrust into an important historical role. She could have gone on television, called a press conference, and accused the Examiner of serving as an accessory after the fact to a murder, and trying to implicate her in that murder. She could have done a lot to attack the credibility of the capitalist press, among white middle class people especially, by showing that even a reporter cannot submit a story without having lies spread under her name.

But Alice Yarish stayed quiet. She did not help the movement George Jackson had done so much to build. Instead, she sided with her paper. "I didn't know where the Examiner had gotten the information, but I assumed they must have had a reliable source for it. I have found the paper to be super-cautious on the news." She preferred to hang onto her job, and allow herself to be used to slander George Jackson. She refused to help build a public outcry that might prevent future prisoners from being assassinated.

The issue could be left here, except that Alice had a lot of correspondence with George. "Jackson and I were good friends," she says. "I thought highly of him and have some very warm and affectionate letters from him. I would not deliberately or even carelessly have written an inaccurate account of the circumstances surrounding his death."

Alice would not have written a story distorting the facts. She is not an evil or malicious person, in fact, from reports from many people on the coast, she is a very warm and well-meaning person. But she is not a very good friend of George Jackson. When she tried to explain why she did not follow up the lie placed in her column she says, "I forgot about the whole thing, since I was not thereafter assigned to the case."

Alice Yarish has been reduced by the system to a functional object. And tragically, she accepts that definition of herself. She is a reporter, not a human being, not a revolutionary. She claims good friendship with George Jackson but lost interest in his death because her paper did not assign her to cover the story. Is George Jackson a story? Is that what people are about?

Alice Yarish is not unique. We should not single her out for any special anger or criticism. She just did what virtually every white, educated supporter of the black struggle has done since this country first brought black people here in the holds of slave ships - go with them part of the way, and leave them to fight and die alone when the going gets heavy. The lesson of Alice Yarish is how much she is like us, and how much we are like her. There is no need or basis to feel superior. There is a need to learn from her mistakes, as she can, and to change.

Similarly, the story of how George supposedly got the gun back to the Adjustment Center. On Sunday, the day after he was killed, the Chronicle had the headline "Gun Hidden in Hair - Q.(San Quentin) Aide Sees Possibility of Wig." On Tuesday morning the Chronicle told us,

Prison officials said Jackson had recently taken to wearing a black knit watch cap pulled tight on the back of his moderate-length "natural" hair style.

But before we were able to check the doubtful possibility that the prison officials would allow George Jackson to wear a hat to a visit, we were told in the afternoon Examiner,

The method of concealment was clarified, apparently, with the discovery of an Afro-style wig jammed into a toilet in the Adjustment Center at the prison. Its label, according to Park, indicated that it was made outside the walls.

By 4 o'clock on Saturday the Adjustment Center was militarily controlled by the prison officials. We learned in the Sunday Examiner that the prison "was under the tightest security while a general shakedown continued. Park said the search was concentrated on the maximum security Adjustment Center which houses death row and the cell tiers in which yesterday's violence occurred." Now, let's try to piece together this element of the story. The prison officials want us to believe that for two full days of shaking down 27 cells they were able to discover cartridges hidden in bars of soap but couldn't find a wig stuffed down a shitter. Any con can tell you that the shitter is the first place they look for contraband during a shakedown, and even if it was the last place, to believe that a thorough 2 day search for implements used to kill three guards couldn't turn up an Afro wig stuffed down a toilet bowl is pretty incredible.

So the story goes like this: On Sunday George put the gun in his hair. On Monday, still his hair. On Tuesday morning it was in a tight fitting cap. On Tuesday afternoon it was an Afro wig.

The story goes on - the Prison Officials claim that George was planning an escape all along.

On Monday, August 23, Ed Montgomery, the F.B.I.'s key contact in the press, noted for slanderous "exclusives" unloaded a story described as "revealed to the Examiner today" claiming Jackson's death was part of a long planned escape plan.

Although George Jackson's smuggled letter was addressed only to "Comrade," authorities are satisfied it was sent to Carr. (Jimmy Carr, a black revolutionary and long-time cell mate of George's, who was out on parole at the time of the murder. Since then, his parole has been "violated" and Carr is back in prison.)*

Authorities told the Examiner of the elaborate escape plot in which the former cell mate of Jackson wrote a letter offering to help Jackson escape.

The letter was smuggled into San Quentin by a member of the Soledad Brothers legal defense team. Jackson answered on the back of the letter, which was smuggled out of the prison by the same

*Since this was written Jimmy Carr was shotgunned to death in front of his home soon after his release from prison. The police claim he was shot by political rivals. Until there is clear evidence for this, we suspect a government police agency.

member of the defense team, the officials said.

The letter was returned to Jackson's former cell mate, who left it, with the envelope, in the back pocket of his trousers.

Subsequently, a woman with whom Jackson's former cell mate was living in San Jose, took the pants to be cleaned and pressed in Santa Cruz. The letter was discovered by a employee of the cleaners who turned it over to authorities.

Officials photostated the letter and Jackson's answer and returned the papers to the pocket in order not to arouse suspicion.

Jackson is alleged to have told his cell mate to: Have two of Jackson's sisters smuggle derringers in the hollowed out heels of their shoes past prison guards and a metal detector with which all visitors to San Quentin are screened. Jackson drew a diagram showing how it could be done.

Further, the sisters were to insert tubes of plastic explosives - which Jackson called "gelite" into their vaginas to escape detection by the guards.

The letter's mention of smuggling an explosive helped explain the quick evacuation of the Adjustment Center, the immediate shakedown and prison officials' rapid announcement that they were looking for explosives. Warden Park said a substance that might be an explosive was found in Jackson's cell and was under laboratory analysis in Sacramento. (This same meticulous, immediate shakedown looking for explosives and able to find small quantities of a "substance" was unable to turn up an Afro wig)

The letter recommended that a prison break be set during darkness. Jackson said a single power line leading into San Quentin could be shorted out by driving a metal stake into the ground and attaching a steel cable or chain to it which would then be tossed over the power lines.

In the darkness that would follow. Jackson is said to have instructed his friends to have a "four wheeled vehicle" waiting outside the west edge of the prison perimeter.

The allegations in the article will be dealt with various times throughout this discussion, but for now the story indicates one major point: the prison authorities claim they were anticipating a major escape attempt by George Jackson involving complex plans to transport guns and explosives, to cause a blackout of the prison's electrical system, and to use a getaway car.

One last aspect of the official story should be dealt with before analyzing it as a whole.

THE WHITE TIER TENDERS

Two white inmates died during the struggle. The prison authorities want us to believe that they were killed by the black inmates. This story should be questioned severely because it reflects a major objective of their strategy: fomenting racial warfare among the convicts.

The following account of the official story is given in the Wednesday, August 25, Examiner:

Meanwhile, there was a graphic report of how inmates John Lynn and Ronald Kane, both acting as "tier tenders" in the Adjustment Center met their deaths.

Jackson and his accomplices reportedly approached them in the kitchen where the two of them were preparing to distribute lunch. "Are you with us or against us?" they demanded. Both said they wanted no part of any trouble. So they were bound, taken to separate cells, and told, "If you're not with us you're against us, so you're gonna die."

This story contradicts some specific information we have, particularly about Ronald Kane's relationship to the black inmates. It also contradicts how cons operate, especially George, Fleeta, and John.

There are no black or brown tier tenders in the Adjustment Center, although the overwhelming majority of men there are black and brown. A tier tender is a trustee - an inmate on good terms with the guards, who does menial jobs around the Adjustment Center, serving food, mopping the floors, in return for being allowed out of his cell a lot of the day. It is an incredibly attractive deal for men locked up 23 hours every day, usually bringing with it better food and perhaps some petty favors from the screws, like them making an occasional phone call or taking out a personal letter.

Despite their position, not all trustees are hated. They are not primarily evaluated on their relationship to the screws, but rather, on their performance towards the other cons. One who is a good guy can make your bit a lot more bearable. He can bring you matches, bring books from other guys' cells, give you larger portions of food on the days the stuff is edible, loan you coffee until canteen orders - the many little things that assume major proportions in the con's desperate struggle to survive.

The opposite is also true. A pig can make your bit even more miserable by refusing to perform even the smallest favors, while partaking of all the privileges available. The third world cons in the Adjustment Center, of course, wanted third world tier tenders, but there were, apparently, no black or brown cons who could even stomach the screws enough to play that strategy and the racist officials wouldn't choose them even if they tried. But that doesn't mean they hated the white tier tenders just because they took the job. If the whites were in any way helpful, the black and Chicano inmates, while not fully respecting them, would hardly murder them.

Anyone who has done time can tell you that "You're with us or against us" is pure horseshit, right out of the Bogart movies. It is an unwritten law in the prisons that every con has the right to sit out an action. He will not be respected for it, but he isn't attacked. Attacks are made against cons who *actively* side with the screws, not cons who don't want to go along and just mind their own business.

I have been told by people close to the cons in the Adjustment Center that Ronald Kane was considered a favorable contact - no revolutionary, but not a racist either. It is possible that racist tier tenders would be cut up by black cons who finally got their chance after months of being abused by them. But those guys would not have been asked to come along. Conclusion: it is very possible that one of the white tier tenders was killed during the struggle by angry inmates who he had fucked over. It is very probable that Ronald Kane, and perhaps both white tier tenders,

were killed by the prison authorities *after* they re-established control, in order to provoke racial violence inside the prison system and to combat the possibilities of black and brown and white cons forming a united movement.

Again, let me be clear. As I say this I do not feel completely sure it is true. But Lynn and Kane *are* dead. That is true. The prospect of them being killed by the cons seems very small. The prospect of them being killed by the guards, especially if, ~~as~~ whites, they proved to be more cooperative with the blacks than was expected, seems much more probable. Those are the only two possibilities.

Given all this information we can now reconstruct what is supposed to have happened according to the "high prison authorities" who were fully cooperative with the press.

On Saturday afternoon, August 21, Stephen Bingham, George's attorney, came to visit George Jackson. The prison authorities were expecting a possible jailbreak from their most highly guarded prisoner involving a smuggled weapon or weapons. Bingham was allowed to bring in a tape recorder with an Afro wig, a gun, and an ammunition clip inside because the guard checking his belongings forgot to push the button to see if it played. Instead, he opened it up to see if it had any batteries in it, a unique method of inspection never before experienced by any of the Soledad attorneys. Bingham then brought the contraband into the closely guarded visiting cell. There, under the watchful eye of a prison guard, he cleverly handed George an Afro wig, a Spanish pistol, and an ammunition clip. George had trouble putting on the Afro wig because his close fitting knit cap which he frequently wore was on his head. But he took it off, put on the Afro wig, and then tried to put in the gun and clip. He was unable to do so, but after several tries he was able to stuff the gun under the wig, dislodging the wig and having part of the gun protrude from out of it. During this whole process the guard, who had been alerted that a possible escape was in the works, who hated George because he allegedly had killed a prison guard, and who had previously harassed George during all his visits with family, friends, and attorneys, didn't notice anything unusual.

After the visit was over George and the guard walked across a 50 yard path between the visiting room and the Adjustment Center. During this time the wig kept slipping off George's head, the gun kept falling out of the wig, and George kept instinctively putting his hand to his head to keep it on, but the guard didn't notice anything unusual.

George reached the Adjustment Center where he hoped to smuggle an Afro wig, a Spanish pistol, and an ammunition clip through a thorough skin search. But his plan was foiled, the guards perceptively discovered the escape weapons. George was forced to move ahead of schedule, and the bloody struggle in the Adjustment Center took place in which George was ultimately killed by a gun tower guard.

And that is the official story.

George Jackson was murdered. It should now be clear that the official story of his death is a total lie. Now let's try to figure out a general sense of what *did* happen.

THE PRECEDENTS

*Bobby Hutton - one of the founders of the Black Panther Party, killed at 18 by Oakland police while unarmed after having surrendered with hands up

*Fred Hampton and Mark Clark - Illinois Panthers, killed in early morning raid organized by State's Attorney Hanrahan

*Carl Hampton - Houston black revolutionary, shot and killed by police while unarmed at rally protesting police brutality

*Eldridge Cleaver - parole violated by Governor Reagan, was slated to go back to San Quentin for same fate as George; escaped

*Booker T. (X) Johnson - Muslim leader, killed by tower guard in Adjustment Center exercise yard to "prevent a racial showdown"

*W.L. Nolen, Cleveland Edwards, Alvin Miller - leaders of the black prisoners' movement at Soledad, murdered January, 1970 by tower guard "trying to break up a racial disturbance."

* George Lester Jackson - declared unparolable for stealing \$70. one-to-life extended to life, then life in segregation, then life in segregation with charges making the death penalty mandatory, then execution before his trial.

Since George's murder there are 29 dead prisoners in the Attica rebellion who died as a result of a conscious, top-down conspiracy. It is becoming increasingly clear that the state is not very concerned about hiding the practice, and is much more concerned with physically liquidating its enemies.



THE MOTIVES FOR THE CONSPIRACY

George Jackson was set up to be murdered because his political offensive against the state was succeeding. The State wanted George dead for the following reasons:

- *To attack the black prisoners movement
- *To attack the growing prison liberation movement outside of the walls
- *To destroy George as an important link between the prisoners and the Black Panther Party
- *To remove an important catalyst for black-brown-white prisoner unity
- *To silence George's writings
- *To prevent George Jackson from coming to public trial

The prison officials, attempting to justify the killing of George, explained to the press how the prison was being threatened by "revolutionary elements." The San Francisco Chronicle, August 24:

Inside, however, there was something new. Inmates were showing signs of organized radical groups, not just within single prisons, but reaching from prison to prison around the nation's largest scattered system of penal institutions.

The Department of Corrections, the Chronicle learned, has for months been investigating the "Convict Union" within the walls. Messages from one prison to another have been intercepted which indicated that the secret organization had some control over the violence in the prisons.

Whether because of his own growing "celebrity" reputation on the outside; or because of tips on the inside, authorities intimated that Jackson was a key figure, perhaps the leader of the secret "Convict Union."

The August 7 Movement is one of the first underground prisoners' movements to issue a communique; it helps us understand the scope of George's power as a teacher, a model, and a wonderful friend.

In the year 1961 when racism in the California penal system was at its zenith, countless blacks were dying at the hands of neo-Nazis. It was George who taught us to defend ourselves. It was George who founded the so-called "Capone Gang" which later came to be called the Seventh of August Movement in honor of Jonathan Peter Jackson's siege of the Marin Civic Center.

George taught us that power came out of the barrel of a gun, (but in our particular case, from the point of a knife). George Jackson was a natural born teacher. He taught us to read, he taught us, to write and our basic arithmetic, and *he taught us to form collectives within the prisons.*

The first thing every con is told by the authorities is, "Do your own time, don't do anybody else's." That is the same as saying "Hang yourself." But for years guys have bought that shit. "Collectives" is the most threatening word in the world to prison authorities, who count on cut-throat individualism to break the back of any possible resistance to their rule. George Jackson was murdered for his heretical teachings.

THE ATTACK ON ALLIES OUTSIDE THE WALLS —
TRYING TO EXTINGUISH THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL



People in the streets are, finally, beginning to hear the cries of their caged sisters and brothers. This change is happening for several reasons:

*There is a growing revolutionary movement in the streets, forged out of people's unhappiness about non-prison life, that rejects the system's values, and can't be silenced with arguments about the need to protect "our property" from "these people."

*Rebellions led by black and brown prisoners at the Tombs and Soledad, pushed to a new level by the Attica struggle, are bringing more attention to the power of the prisoners' movement and the wretched conditions prisoners are subjected to.

*The government's offensive against revolutionaries has created many political trials, which the movement has used as vehicles for public education. Also, the black movement and prisons are virtually synonymous: almost every black revolutionary has been in prison, is in prison, or is fighting the pigs' attempts to put him or her in prison. The number of articulate, politically conscious ex-cons is on the rise.

*The prison writings of Malcolm X, George Jackson, and Eldridge Cleaver have helped explain a lot about prison conditions to people who haven't done time.

*The white middle-class movement has brought a whole new group into conflict with the legal system - Mississippi '64, draft refusals, drug busts, and mass arrests at Mayday have created educational experiences for a lot of white people who no longer say, "Oh, but they must be exaggerating."

The growing prison movement is challenging the main weapon the authorities use against the prisoners: secrecy.

The worst horror of prison is not the daily abuse, the sexual deprivation, the tasteless, unhealthy food. It isn't the claustrophobic cells in the older prisons, the tampering with and destruction of your mail, the ripping up of your possessions in the name of the "shakedown," the constant fear of the hole for minor infractions. It is not even the beatings, macings, and conscious psychological torture meted out in the special segregation units like Bridgewater State Mental Hospital in Massachusetts or the San Quentin Adjustment Center, where George was.

It is the feeling of descent into hell, the belief that you will never see the streets again, that when those gates close behind you every friend, lover, and relative will at best keep loyal to the once-a-week visiting ritual and at worst, lose interest in you as the time drags on and leave you totally at Their mercy. Except for that one hour a week (and even that can be revoked for "insubordinate behavior" because "visits are a privilege, not a right") you are surrounded by people who have total contempt for you and who can do virtually anything they want to you without fear of reprisal. What is so terrifying is the devastating powerlessness of prison, the feeling of being dropped into a long, dark tunnel where the people at the other end have given up the search, even though you can hear their voices.

Every prisoner has the nightmare that he or she will never be let out, that on the day scheduled for release, they will come up with some new technicality, a rule he or she has violated, new warrants, *something*.

Why should those with absolute power over you agree to give it up? Why should those who have lied to you every day you were their captive keep their promise about anything?

The prison authorities desperately oppose any plans to bring "outsiders" into the prison. They have even resisted seemingly harmless programs like one-to-one discussion groups as "bad for morale."

Visitor: Hello, officer, I'm Reverend Collier. I'm here for the helping-hand discussion group meeting. Would you call Jerry O'Brian for me, please?

Screw: Oh, er, well, we can't call him, Reverend, you see he's in solitary confinement and he won't be out for two days. He can't participate in any programs during that time 'cause they're a privilege.

Reverend: Oh, I see. Could you tell me why he was put in the hole?

Screw: Well, I'm not supposed to give that information out. you'll have to check with my superior, but I think it's because he overslept for work. You know, Reverend, we have to be firm with these boys or they'd never go to work.

Most likely the Reverend, while upset, will decide not to do anything because it would jeopardize his one-to-one salvation project with the con. But he might cross them up and turn out to be a fighter, bringing that information to his congregation, other clergy, public forums on prison conditions, and the newspapers.

The defense committees around Huey Newton, Bobby and Ericka, the New York 21, and the Soledad Brothers were a serious threat to the prison authorities' attempts to keep out the public. The San Quentin prison was bombarded with reporters: young lawyers visiting their clients regularly and clearly relating to them as friends, not cases; radical women working as nonprofessional "investigators,"

taking testimony for upcoming trials and providing an extra visit that helped keep up a guy's morale. The Soledad brothers got a lot of books, letters, and visits. Their attorneys filed writs against every move the prison authorities made, and used the press as well as the courts to plead their case.

This lack of "professionalism" - rejection of the gentlemen's agreement between prison authorities and attorneys, of contempt for the con - infuriated the jailers.

The Chronicle told us:

The officials made sharp remarks about attorneys and radicals inflaming trouble in the prisons. More than once the authorities suggested that lawyers were acting as message-carriers between violent inmates.

California Commissioner of Corrections Raymond Procnier didn't seem to like the fact that black inmates were no longer totally without legal protection, and in fact, had *several* attorneys working on their case.

We're not going to have any goddamn parade of lawyers coming in any more. Of course we're still going to protect and honor an inmate's right to counsel... But if he has one attorney of record he doesn't need a goddamn army of lawyers running in and out of here.

What's good enough for General Motors is, apparently, not good for the Soledad Brothers.

The prison movement - a broad coalition of black, brown and white revolutionaries, clergy, radical attorneys, and students - was winning some important political victories. George was a spearhead for that movement. He was an armed guerrilla who still wanted to use his constitutional rights. The fact that he knew those rights were bullshit wasn't the point. He would still use them for whatever relief he could get from them, and to further his work to replace them with truly just laws. His enemies watched George turn their rules against them. They wanted George Jackson dead.



Attorney William Kunstler negotiating at Attica

GEORGE AND THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY

No effective revolutionary organization can be built without a powerful base in the prisons and among ex-cons. No effective movement in the prisons can be built without strong ties to an organization in the streets. George Jackson's joining the leadership of the Black Panther Party was an important turning point for the California prison movement, the Panthers, and the progress of the entire revolutionary movement. George was writing, not only about prison, but about overall revolutionary strategy. He had access to an important paper with a wide readership. That changed his role from a legendary prisoner who also did some thinking about the international struggle to a revolutionary leader with deep roots in the prison struggle. George and the Panthers were building an alliance of cons and people in the streets, or as Ericka Huggins says, an alliance of those in maximum with those in minimum.

Raymond Procunier fumed:

Revolutionaries are something new in the state prisons and they are presenting a new problem...They are inmates who don't give a damn about what happens, even the killing of innocent persons - as long as it achieves what they want...publicity and support for their cause.



Procunier understands the powerful threat of the revolutionaries, but, as a person whose whole life is geared towards brutalizing people, it isn't surprising that he totally misunderstands revolutionary motivation. Having ties with a "cause" gives a prisoner an entirely different perspective. Even if he is doing life, he can organize others to leave the prison, build a movement on the streets to help the next generation, and create the possibilities for his rescue. The Tupamaros' rescue of over 100 of their people from prison - including "common criminals", as the press describes them - explains the reality of revolution to a lot of prisoners in the US who aren't convinced by abstract argument. People who are willing to kill and be killed for a collective effort are a dangerous threat to a penal system trying to rehabilitate prisoners to live for their next pay check, mortgage payment, visit, or TV show.

Warden Park screams that revolutionaries on the streets "impress the convicts with a false feeling of importance...some of them think the whole outside world is waiting for them." Revolutionary organizations like the Panthers give cons an outside world for the first time in their lives. George was teaching people the importance of political organization - showing people they no longer had to hustle for themselves. By joining the Black Panther Party he was providing a new model for what it meant to be "connected." His enemies wanted George Jackson dead.

GEORGE AS A LEADER OF WHITE PEOPLE

George never saw himself as an organizer of whites, and certainly never catered to them. But his actions, and the entire black liberation movement, have been having a powerful impact on young white people - inside and outside the prisons. We are told a lot about the vicious racism of the white cons, or as the prison officials try to confuse it, "the explosive racial tensions inside the prisons." But there is little publicity, for obvious reasons, about the growing bonds between whites and blacks in situations where they are subjected to the greatest common oppression and need each other the most: in the army and the prisons.

George Jackson's policy towards whites was essentially as follows: black people will get themselves together. They will fight the pigs and any racist whites who side with the pigs. But any whites who recognize their true interests and are willing to fight the white power structure are welcome as allies.

As the black prisoners posed more and more of a threat to the prison system, the white cons began to split into two groups - the screw-lovers and the screw-haters. The screw-haters, the stand-up cons who couldn't be rehabilitated, while still somewhat racist, came to understand that no successful rebellion could be won without the leadership of the blacks. Out of that common need, not out of black people trying to explain their case to whitey, came the beginning of an anti-racist movement among white cons.

The August 7 communique explains the nature of George's leadership. George was no integrationist.

George taught us that we were black, and that all that really meant was our culture was different from the Europeans and that we came from Africa and were descendants of Kings.

But George also taught that it's suicidal to write off potential allies and leave them to fight against you.

He constructed programs which were composed of blacks, browns, and whites. He pointed out to us the commonality of our circumstances and that the same pig that had a boot up a black's ass, just so happened to be the same identical fascist that had the same boot up this white guy's ass. This basic truism, along with hours and years of teaching, is the cause of the birth of the present prison movement.

George Jackson's book, "Soledad Brother," was read by at least 40 white guys while I was in prison. At Deer Island last summer, a strike of over 250 guys, led by the black cons, won the support of over 50 whites- Irish guys from Southie and Italian guys from East Boston.

Tom Wicker, a white southerner who was on the mediating committee at Attica, tells of the incredible solidarity between black, white, and Puerto Rican inmates during the long seige. He describes, in amazement, the elaborate, tightly coordinated organization the prisoners set up, and concludes:

That kind of organization, not to mention the unity displayed by the prisoners, would have been impossible if there had been racial discord in block D. None was apparent to the observers.

The human security chains were interracial, and the leadership committee featured at least three white men, although the rebelling inmates must have been at least 85 percent black and Puerto Rican.

A southern white con, one of the *least* political whites in the struggle, told Wicker:

Man, there's people in here we treated like dogs down home, but I want everyone to know we gon' stick together, we gon' get what we want, or we gon' die together.



The hospital set up during the Attica rebellion

The California prison system is constructed on the principle that whites should accept the leadership of Nazis. They watched whites breaking out of that trap, rejecting the Reagans, Wallaces and Hickses, and instead following the example of black cons like George Jackson. They wanted George Jackson dead.

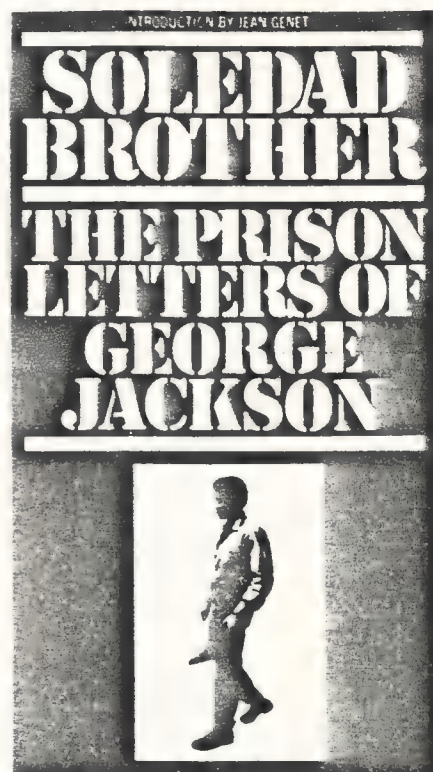
GEORGE AS A REVOLUTIONARY WRITER

Ideas play a central role in the revolution. Revolutions are made with guns, but the guns are shot by people who have a clear idea why they're fighting. Malcolm X never shot a pig. But his words were lethal weapons and his enemies wanted him dead.

George's writings were not parlor-room revolution. They were burning with violence and, most threatening to the system, they were convincing.

I am an extremist. I call for extreme measures to destroy extreme problems. To me, life without control of the determining factors is not worth the effort of drawing breath.

International capitalism cannot be destroyed without the extremes of struggle. The entire colonial world is waiting for us to come to our senses. Their problems and struggles with the Amerikan monster are much more difficult than they would be if we actively aided them. We are on the inside. We are the only ones (beside a very small white minority left) who can get at the monster's heart without subjecting the world to nuclear fire. We have a momentous historical role to act out if we will. The whole world for all time in the future will love us and remember us as the righteous people who made it possible for the world to live on. If we fail through fear and lack of aggressive imagination, then the slaves of the future will curse us, as we sometimes curse those of yesterday.



I don't want to die and leave a few sad songs and a hump in the ground as my only monument. I want to leave a world that is liberated from trash, pollution, racism, nation states, nation state wars and armies, from pomp, bigotry, parochialism, a thousand brands of untruth, and licentious, usurious economics.

If there is any basis for belief in the universality of man, then we will find it in this struggle against the enemy of all mankind.

The international revolutionary movement has produced some great strategists, poets, and warriors. But George Jackson was a strategist-poet-warrior, and his ability to explain the deep humanitarian principles underlying revolutionary violence made him a threat to the system. His enemies wanted George Jackson dead.

THE FINAL THREAT: PREVENTING GEORGE JACKSON FROM COMING TO PUBLIC TRIAL

The prison authorities were worried about the forthcoming Soledad trial - a trial that was due to start in a few weeks. Imagine what was about to happen. A brilliant spokesman for the prisoners' movement going on trial in what was going to be a struggle of national importance.

It was a trial about a killing committed in Soledad Prison. Much of the defense would center on explaining the circumstances surrounding the killing of the guard - the racism, the brutality, the abuse - setting a context for the more technical defense which also would be presented. Witness upon witness would come forth to document the anti-human conditions in the California (and Amerikan) prison system. The prisoners would charge that tiger cages were first developed in the U.S. to be used against black people, and *then* exported to Vietnam.

The Soledad trial would create a national focus on the prisons. A life sentence for stealing \$70. The vicious myth of the "progressive" indeterminate sentence would be exposed, and a system that equates time in a cage with stealing inanimate objects would be exposed.

Eleven years without a parole. The Adult Authority and all parole boards would be attacked as the racist, feudal institutions they are.



The trial would add fuel to a national prisoners' movement. For some, a few changes would be all that they thought prisoners deserved, for others, just the beginning - but for prisoners, a wonderful first step if they could be won: unlimited visits, work release as a regular part of the sentence (not just a privilege for the select), an overhaul of disciplinary procedures outlawing the hole, conjugal visits, new construction eliminating cells and building dorm-like confinements in their place, nutritious food, adequate recreation, furloughs, prisoners in policy-making positions, outside job training and educational programs, no restrictions on mail and publications, and an all-out attack on institutional racism, including the initiation of black studies, the hiring of black administrators and officers, and the firing of racist officials.

If George had been alive, the trial would have sparked, at least for a while in fad-crazed Amerika, an avalanche of prison writings, prison exposes, demonstrations outside of prisons, legal suits trying to enjoin the prison authorities from violating every possible right of their captives. Motion that already existed but would have been intensified as the trial progressed.

In the middle of this national confrontation - George. Ridiculing, exposing, analyzing, agitating, and, through his example, inspiring even more insubordination among the people the system already considers too insubordinate.

The prison authorities were panicked about the upcoming Soledad trial because they had just lost a previous trial, almost exactly the same as the one coming up, when white witnesses cracked under cross examination and admitted they had lied and been brutalized into doing so.

THE SOLEDAD 7 CASE – THE HIDDEN TRIAL

A very important recent case is virtually unknown to the public, for reasons that will become clear.

In July 1970, six months after John Mills was killed, a second guard, William Shull, was killed at Soledad. Seven convicts, all black, were charged with his murder. Before the case came to trial the charges were dropped against four out of the seven. Three black convicts, James Wagner, Roosevelt Williams, and Jesse Phillips, were brought to trial.

The prosecution case was based on white convict witnesses who were supposed to say that they saw the three black cons kill the white guard. But the prosecution ran into some problems it hadn't expected. Thomas Brenson, one of their key convict witnesses, took the stand and said that he had been in his cell all day and had been able to see the whole thing. Under cross he was questioned as to why he wasn't in a school program for cons, which was compulsory. He said he had paid a con to sign him in. But the teacher gave testimony that he himself saw Brenson in the class that day. So Brenson changed his story to say he went to class, signed in, and snuck back to his cell. Under further cross examination Brenson admitted that he had lied under coercion, and that he had not been in his cell at the time the guard was killed.

Another witness, also white, William Brizindine, had given a statement that his original testimony was a lie. He told the defense attorneys that Captain Moody, the head of the Soledad guards, had pulled a concealed weapon on him, put the gun to his throat, and told him that if he didn't testify he would be blown away. *The defense was able to get statements from Moody in which he admitted he had pulled a concealed weapon on the cons.*

After Brenson broke down on the stand the assistant DA who had been working on the case was pulled off it. The Chief DA of Monterey County, William Curtis, came in and made a motion to *drop the charges against the Soledad 7 because "the prosecution cannot sustain its case."*

Pat Hallinan, one of the attorneys for the Soledad 7, told me that, "This case is just an example of the callous and cavalier way the prison authorities treat prisoners. They were so sure they would get a conviction that they figured any story, no matter how untenable, would be believed."

The Soledad 7 case set two frightening precedents for the state's prison authorities: It showed that convict witnesses, no matter how bought off and afraid, cannot be definitely counted on during a long trial to maintain their testimony, their credibility, or even their desire to stick to the story. Secondly, damaging evidence may come out during the trial that the authorities want to suppress. Captain Moody's pulling a concealed gun on cons is now public record. It contradicts a lot of the stories about prison guards supposedly being unarmed and has some direct bearing on the possibilities of what really *did* happen to George.

The Soledad 7 case is virtually unknown. It has been kept from the people because the authorities realized they were suffering a terrible defeat and cut off the trial before too much publicity developed. They would not have been able to quietly drop the Soledad Brothers trial!

George made a clear threat in "Soledad Brother".

The logical place to begin any investigation into the problems of California prisons is with "pigs are beautiful" Governor Reagan radical reformer turned reactionary. For a real understanding

of the failure of prison policies, it is senseless to continue to study the criminal. All of those who can afford to be honest know that the real victim, that poor, uneducated, disorganized man who finds himself a convicted criminal, is simply the end result of a long chain of corruption and mismanagement that starts with people like Reagan and his political appointees in Sacramento. After one investigates Reagan's character (what makes a turncoat), the next logical step in the inquiry would be a look into the biggest political prize of the state - the directorship of the Department of Correction. (Raymond Procnier, who is leading the public campaign to cover up George's murder.)

George was two weeks away from personally leading that investigation when he was killed.

The absolute best political prospects for the California fascists would have been a long, damaging trial lasting for months, finally convicting George, Fleeta, and John, who would be sentenced to death. George, facing the execution that would probably be delayed years during the appeal process, would be sent to Death Row, which would not be very different from where he was already. In fact, he would only be moved from the first tier to the second tier of the Adjustment Center.

Both John Clutchette and Fleeta Drumgo first became conscious of the black struggle at Soledad prison. There John attended some Muslim meetings, but it wasn't until the time of John Mills's death that John became one of the leaders of the struggle inside. Fleeta got immersed in the black struggle through a Black History class, and was labelled a "militant" by the authorities for having posters of Huey Newton and Rap Brown on his walls. Fleeta learned about communism from George Jackson.



During that time John and Fleeta would become more well known. Their courage is less translatable into public recognition than George's fiery writing and personal charisma. But they are already a powerful force inside the prisoners movement and through the black organizations working on the trial, would become better recognized by people on the streets.

And during that time George, and John and Fleeta too, would be writing, sending messages to the people through their attorneys and friends - three living martyrs whose example might provoke mass demonstrations, retaliatory violence, and even kidnappings demanding their release. And that would be *the best* Reagan and his henchmen could expect.

At worst - for them - John, Fleeta, and George would be acquitted. Jury trials have been providing a lot of problems for the system lately. After the acquittals and mistrials in the cases of the New York 21, Bobby and Ericka, Huey Newton, and Bartee Haile, they had every reason to be worried. And well worth repeating, the Soledad Seven case had backfired with the exact same strategy the state was going to try again - under an international spotlight. After such a trial the vindicated Soledad Brothers would be brought back into the maximum security unit - their legend amplified, if that could be possible, and their threat as an example even greater.



There would have been great public pressure to parole George for his only remaining crime of stealing \$70. If his parole were denied again, the monumental treachery of the system would be clear to even more people, thereby helping the revolution. If George *were released* ...it's not worth even speculating. That was impossible. George's only chance for personal freedom lay in being broken out. If George were ransomed or broken out, public sympathy for that act would be maximized, because George had gone to great lengths to show that he was not an enemy of the people, as were the Reagans and Nixons and Rockefellers.

Time was on George's side. As each day passed his political situation grew stronger. His best chance for an escape and his chance to turn that trial into a trial of the system were ahead of him. But his enemies wanted George dead.

THE GUARDS IN THE ADJUSTMENT CENTER - A PROFILE

It is true that on some level the prison guard is a poor working guy who is forced to choose between some terrible employment options in America, and therefore, in some ways is a prisoner of the system. But that analysis, while containing a small kernel of truth, is almost always put forth by people who have never been prisoners. It's not just because all prisoners hate screws and are less open to pseudo-sympathetic cosmic analysis. It's because prison is very much a closed system, and cons get to know the screws better than anyone.

The job of a prison guard is very much self-selecting. There are many working people in this country who would stay unemployed before accepting money to lock human beings in their cells every night. There are occasional decent guys, and they are certainly appreciated by the cons. But the sadistic nature of the overwhelming majority of the men who choose to be guards, the existing con-hating ethic they walk into, and the very nature of the job (even the best screw locks prisoners up and goes home) mean that on some level, *you have to like being a screw*.

The guards' society is incestuous. Most of them live near the prison, often right on the other side of the wall. Usually, they are offered inexpensive housing by

the state in return for being an off-duty reserve police force in case of escapes. This is physically convenient, but it means that they never fully leave their roles as guards. At night they have nightmares of escaped cons (or recently released ones) coming back to seek revenge.

Many guards are father-and-son teams: the building of a family tradition indicating their ideological commitment to their work. Sometimes, the guards' wives hang around the safe parts of the prison too, the prison being a perverse home rather than just a job. Guards usually have one bar where they congregate, sometimes with guards from other prisons. They play cards at each others' houses, go to ballgames together, attend their children's weddings.

But despite their psychopathic attachment to their filthy work, many guards hate their jobs, even when they don't verbalize it. Nervous breakdowns among guards are frequent. Their behavior, even when not directly abusive, is so obviously abnormal that it is a constant source of jokes among the cons. Alcoholism is rampant. And the perverse need of screws to talk to at least a few cons about their problems - since on one level they *are* locked up with us all day - means that a constantly ripe grapevine of gossip is watered by screws telling juicy stories about other screws, trying to prove they're good guys to well behaved cons (called rats).

In the specific context of the Adjustment Center at San Quentin there were sharp contradictions between the prison's need to preserve a minimum facade of humanity - especially given the growing publicity about the Soledad Brothers - and the psychic and security needs of the guards who had to work there.

How would you like to lock up 27 of the baddest motherfuckers in the world, guys who had to be segregated and "adjusted" because even the misery of regular prison wouldn't break them, and patrol those corridors without any visible weapons? There is a certain sick logic to tyranny. Those guards *were* in danger. After what they were doing to those men they deserved to be. To keep the upper hand they moved even further on the offensive, pissing in the food, barraging the caged men with insults, refusing to fix clogged toilets for days, ripping up letters and papers the men meticulously saved. Yet, no matter how hard they tried, their goal - security - was unattainable. The more abuse they subjected the men to, the more their security really was in jeopardy. As a result, the guards in the Adjustment Center were always on a very short fuse, hating to come to work every day to face a life and death situation. Every prisoner in the Adjustment Center dreamed of killing those screws and dreamed of being killed by them. Every screw who worked there had dreams of killing the cons, and nightmares of being killed by them - especially by the Soledad Brothers.

It is not clear where the order for George's murder began within the state power structure. It is often the case that important matters such as political assassination are never directly discussed. The following dialogue, while hypothetical in its specifics, reflects the kind of dialogue that goes on among those in power every day. It could have begun on the level of disgruntled guards, who were described by the San Francisco Chronicle as "in a state of mutiny" over not being given enough power to handle prisoners in the Adjustment Center.

Guard: Look, I'm not workin' in that Adjustment Center any more. My men are in a state of mutiny. Every day we go in there with those animals we're taking our lives in our own hands. We need more money, extra pay for dangerous assignments, more insurance money, and damn it, we need a free hand to do whatever we need to protect ourselves from those savages.

Associate Warden: You know I'm 100 percent behind you men but a lot of that money just won't be coming. You know these taxpayers don't appreciate us. Why I'm killing myself, you're killing yourself, but they'd rather give their money to those fuckin' bums on welfare. They sympathize with these killers more than they do us. All I can do is testify before the Legislature like I do every year. But when it comes to inside the prison you have my complete support.

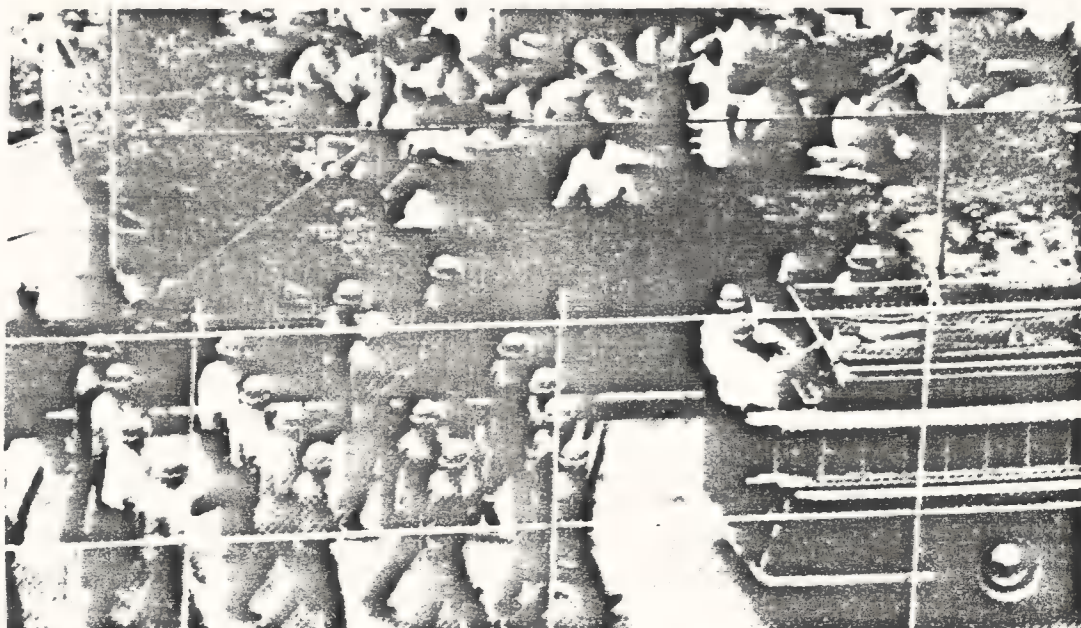
Guard: Yeah, but Jackson has all these bleeding heart reporters and lawyers now. Now I don't give a shit who he is, he's not gonna tell me what to do. If he thinks he's gonna get off the hook for killing one of us he's got another thing comin.' If the courts let him off I'll kill him myself. Now look, the men want to carry guns.

Warden: Look, I don't give a shit about the papers or his commie lawyers. You do what you think is necessary. I'll back you up. And don't wait for them to make the first move. Don't take any chances with them. And no matter what happens I'll back you up completely. The public doesn't understand the problems we have to deal with. You have my word. My men can't go into that jungle without the fullest cooperation.

The same basic process exists all the way up the ladder. A hypothetical situation between Commissioner Procunier and Governor Reagan.

Procunier: I just thought I'd fill you in on what's happening in San Quentin. Had lunch with Lou Nelson last week. He said the situation with Jackson is getting very tense. The Adjustment Center is in a constant state of uproar. The officers on duty want our full support to protect themselves.

Reagan: You do what you think is necessary. I'll back you up.



These dialogues describe how the initiative for George's murder could have come from the San Quentin officials with the knowledge and encouragement of the Governor. *It is more probable, however, after what we saw at Attica, that the political initiative began in the Governor's office, and was enthusiastically carried out by the San Quentin officials.*

The exact details of what happened in the Adjustment Center that day may never be known. But the basic outlines of a state organized assassination seem clear. There is a long history of political assassinations of black revolutionaries in this country, and inside the California prisons it has become a horribly common occurrence. The state's motives for wanting George killed were not just ample, from the warped perspective of a Ronald Reagan, they were compelling. Finally, the official story of George's death is so transparently false that no one outside of the prison system, even those who rejoiced at his murder, have chosen to defend it publicly. The state is supposed to make an explanation to the people when it kills one of its enemies. So it put forth an explanation as a barren ritual. But for those who rejected that explanation and raised further questions they said, "The discussion is over. If you don't like it, remember Kent State and Jackson State and My Lai and Malcolm X. That's what happens to people who ask too many questions."

Some people on the left think we shouldn't argue so vehemently that George was not trying to escape that day. They are afraid we are making it sound like trying to escape is a bad thing, or that we want to portray George as a "well-behaved" con, rather than strongly defending his moral and strategic right to escape.

That criticism misses a life and death point. Oppressed people held against their will have every right to escape. George spent his life educating people to that fact. But to deny the overwhelming evidence that on that particular day George was *not* trying to escape is to leave every revolutionary convict open to be murdered in his cell.

Many people are not yet ready to enter a life and death struggle against the government, but are developing a strong moral revulsion to its policies. A government that shoots a prisoner who is trying to escape is bestial, but a government that murders unarmed prisoners of war is even more bestial, and should be exposed as such. The National Liberation Front demands excellent treatment for its prisoners of war. The failure of the U.S. to respect those human demands, inflicting tortures instead, has further exposed the U.S. throughout the world, and brought the revolution in this country a little closer.

George Jackson did not plan to spend decades more in prison. If legal means could not get him out, he made it clear that he would plan a well-executed and audacious escape. But there is no convincing evidence that George planned to escape that day, and until there is, it's imperative to forcefully convey the brutality of the system in terms of the specific crimes it commits.

THE IMPACT OF GEORGE'S MURDER ON THE PEOPLE'S STRUGGLE FOR LIBERATION

Be realistic. You revolutionaries delude yourselves. The country isn't anywhere near a revolution. It will take a long time before people are angry enough to pick up guns and start fighting.

True, in some ways. But it misses the point. The revolution has already begun. It has not yet exploded into a mass, armed war, and that process will develop over the years. But no revolutionary movement goes from nothing to everything. It begins among the most oppressed and spreads to others who become energized by its anger and power.

Has the revolution begun? It depends upon where you are. It has begun in Soledad, San Quentin, the Tombs and Attica. It has begun in Watts, Detroit, and Harlem. It has not begun in Harvard Square. And it may never begin in Wellesley or Scarsdale.

The right wing forces, led by Nixon, Reagan, and Rockefeller are launching a ruthless campaign to defeat the very beginnings of that revolutionary movement.

George Jackson's murder is part of a bloody battle for control of the California prisons and the country as a whole.

The Attica prisoners were dealt with so brutally not just because of their demands, but because of the terms on which they chose to fight their battle.

Had they said, "We're just humble criminals, sick victims of our society, who just want a new basketball and TV's in our cells" they would still have been brutalized, but not nearly as badly. But when they said, "We demand our full rights, we are people, and we will be treated as people, we have done nothing wrong. It is your sick racist imperialist society that is committing the crimes, and we want out," the Rockefellers decided to set a clear example for others who might have similar ideas.



George Jackson's life was dedicated to seizing power, not winning reforms. That is what got him killed.

The struggle for the power to control our own lives is the context for understanding the ongoing war in California.

George Jackson's murder is just one battle in that war.

- * W.L. Nolen, Cleveland Edwards, and Alvin Miller, three black leaders of the Soledad cons, are killed by a sniper guard.

- Three days later, John Mills, a white guard, is killed in retaliation.

- George Jackson, Fleeta Drumgo, and John Clutchette, the Soledad Brothers, are charged with murdering Mills.

- * William Shull, another white guard, is killed at Soledad.

- * Three more cons are charged with murder.

- * Jonathan Jackson leads a successful kidnapping of a judge to break out black cons on trial for stabbing a guard, and to ransom his brother George. Jonathan, William Christmas, and James McClain and the judge are killed by police riddling the escape van with bullets.

- * Angela Davis, good friend of Jonathan and George, long-time enemy of Governor Reagan, is charged with murder, hunted down, and detained without bail for over a year.

- Nine guards are killed in the California prison system in one year, an unprecedented number.

- * The Convict Union, the August 7 movement, and other underground prisoners movements are organized.

- * George Jackson is murdered.
- * Three guards are killed during the assassination.
- * A San Francisco policeman is killed in retaliation.
- * Three buildings of the California prison system are bombed by the Weather underground in retaliation.
- * George's murder helps spark the Attica rebellion - one of the most highly developed political-military revolutionary actions the government has ever seen.
- * Rockefeller orders a massacre - a response reflecting his awareness of the magnitude of that threat.

A war. Fought with ideas, speeches, organizations, and strategies. But a war - with lives lost and taken.

After George was murdered, the right wing even further accelerated its attacks on the prison movement - realizing that power was at stake and to stop there would give the initiative to the revolutionaries.

Governor Reagan made his strategy clear.

Calling the killing of the San Quentin guards "savagely and senseless," Governor Ronald Reagan ordered his administration to take "whatever steps are necessary to halt the violence and protect the lives" of both officers and inmates in California prisons.

He said Saturday's escape attempt was "the result of efforts by revolutionary elements in our society intent on extending their religion of violence, hate, and murder to within the walls of our prisons."

He vowed, "such efforts to incite violence behind prison walls cannot and will not be tolerated."

Reagan, in a prepared statement, said he fully supports new get-tough measures announced by State Corrections Director Raymond K. Procunier.

These get-tough measures are an attempt by the prison authorities to roll-back the small improvements the prison movement has won.

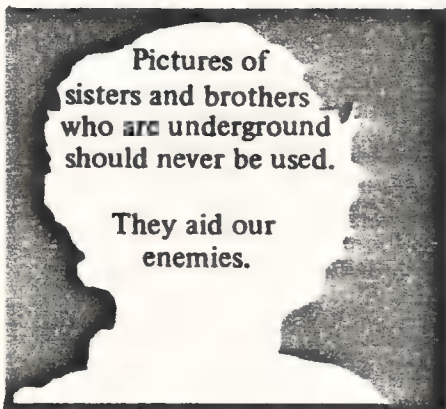
THE ATTACK ON THE ATTORNEYS

Since the Mississippi summer of '64, each new law school class has turned out a growing number of radical, and even revolutionary lawyers. They are willing to antagonize judges, wardens, and governors to make sure their clients are given the best possible deal. Some are willing to go even further. They realize it is utopian to ask their clients to "play fair" when the deck is stacked. An allegedly radical attorney who watches the D.A., judge, and jury conspire against his or her client, and yells "Right on, power to the people" as the client is dragged away to do 10-to-15 is a fraud. Many attorneys are coming to realize this and, while working for individuals within the rules set by the system, are also working as revolutionaries to destroy that system by any means necessary.

At this point, that group is small. But a much larger group gives moral support and dedicated legal help to revolutionaries who openly advocate contempt for the present laws.

The move against the attorneys has taken two major directions: trying to intimidate lawyers to drop their associations with revolutionaries, and making it technically impossible for them to carry out their work.

WHERE IS STEPHEN BINGHAM?



Stephen Bingham, a radical attorney who had been representing black and white revolutionaries has been charged with 5 counts of murder under the same California statute used against Angela Davis - in which being an accessory to a murder is considered the same as actually doing the killing. The intent is to frighten attorneys away from developing too close a relationship with their revolutionary clients.

The day after George Jackson was murdered there was an all points bulletin out for Stephen Bingham. There were no warrants immediately issued for him, but if he had shown up for questioning, warrants could have been gotten in minutes.

Marin County D.A. Bruce Bales said, "I have no charges against Bingham. I just want to talk to him... at least as a key witness." It wasn't too difficult to figure out what the D.A. wanted to talk to Bingham about. "Prison sources" told the press:

"You could speculate the gun was brought in in a tape recorder."

"Bingham was the last person to see Jackson alive before he was brought back to the Adjustment Center."

"We know he (Jackson) was clean when he entered the visiting room, and he (Jackson) was hot - he had the gun - when the guards were about to search him again."

You don't need a law degree to understand the frame-up waiting for him. Knowing that he didn't do it, seeing the incredible stories being put forth about George's elaborate escape plot, and having some respect for his own survival, Bingham didn't show up for questioning.

THE RACIST DEAL

After one day, Bales lifted the A.P.B. He said he had been told by sources close to Bingham that Bingham would contact him voluntarily - being a lawyer and all. The next day it became clear what was going on. Bingham's father had come into town, he and Bales had made a deal to get his son off the hook, and Old Man Bingham was offering it to his son through the newspapers.

Using the front page of the San Francisco Examiner for his personal classified, one of the many fringe benefits of being in the ruling class, Judge Bingham set the terms that he and Bales had worked out for his son's return.

Judge Alfred M. Bingham said last night he believes his son *unknowingly* brought the gun into the prison when he visited George Jackson.

At a press conference he told the Examiner he feared for the life of his son, whom he described as "an extraordinarily dedicated do-gooder and non-violent radical who shunned violence."

"Some of the extremists have been driven to great violence and have even killed their own friends if it placed their movement in jeopardy," he said.

"The whole escape plot was lunacy without any chance of success. Stephen would have no part of it."

He said he hoped his 29 year-old son was in hiding and alive, and not kept a prisoner "by whatever revolutionary group was involved" in the plot.

He said he had been to see Marin D.A. Bruce Bales. Bingham said Bales felt his son may be in grave danger. Bales said today, however, that his office is "assuming he's alive" and is continuing to look for him "as hard as we can."

Young Bingham's companion, identified as Mrs. Vanitia Witherspoon Anderson, 23, had signed her name on the prison visitors' book and gave 2230 Tenth St. as her residence.

The address is the headquarters of the Berkeley chapter of the Black Panther Party and also the Bobby Seale Free Clinic and the Angela Davis Defense Committee.

Bingham, member of a distinguished and politically powerful New England family, said he learned the attache case containing the tape recorder - in which the gun was hidden - was carried into the prison by Mrs. Anderson.

She wasn't permitted to go into the interview room to see Jackson, said Bingham, and she passed the case to his son. So it was clearly possible he didn't know what was in it.

Asked how it was possible for the gun to get into Jackson's possession without his son knowing it, Bingham said, "I have reason to believe that Steve left the interview room to get cigarettes for Jackson."

He said he got that impression from his conversation with Bales.

Bingham's father is a rich, demented, racist pig - which is how he got to be a judge. The deal that was offered Stephen Bingham was one of the most dishonest, nauseating, racist appeals imaginable. Had Bingham accepted that deal, this is how the story would have read.

Rich, well-meaning, white do-gooder, non-violent Stephen Bingham broke down hysterically today and charged the Black Panther Party, the Angela Davis Defense Committee, the Bobby Seale Free Clinic, and George Jackson with conspiracy to murder. Bingham, son of wealthy, powerful, and wonderfully white Judge Alfred Bingham, wept continuously, crying out, "Oh Daddy, how could they use me for such a dastardly plot when all I was trying to do was win justice for my clients under the adversary system that makes this country so great. How could I have let myself be duped by those crazed, unstable black people."

Bingham related, "I received a call saying George Jackson wanted to see me. I immediately went to his aid, and for no fee either. When I got to the prison Mrs. Witherspoon, you know her, the black one, said to me, "Here, take it, take it, take this briefcase with the tape recorder in it with you." I was baffled by her strange request. But being a non-violent do-gooder I complied.

"When I was there George asked me to purchase him some cigarettes, which I did, paying for them myself. The guards were very polite and let me out to do so. When I returned I saw George scrambling in my tape recorder trying to take out a pistol, a clip of bullets, and an Afro wig. I was shocked of course, but I learned in sociology that these people have strange cultural patterns, so I said nothing.

"When I heard what later happened over the radio I can assure you I was as shocked as the next fellow at what had happened. I mean, the lunacy of it all. It must have been Mrs. Witherspoon. Knowing there was a gun hidden in my tape recorder she cleverly signed the address of the Bobby Seale Free Medical Clinic because she knew how those black people love those murder indictments, and will do anything to win some publicity."

To Stephen Bingham's credit, he is not the murderous swine his father is. He turned down this white man's deal to frame black community groups, and has stayed underground.

INTERFERING WITH THE LEGAL DEFENSE

New regulations have been set up by the prison authorities that make it extremely difficult for attorneys and convicts to carry out their legal work.

- * Prisoners can only have one attorney of record. The previous practice, that a prisoner could have as many attorneys as he or she felt necessary for a proper defense, allowed attorneys to work cooperatively. Now, even if an attorney needs to ask his or her client one brief question that is necessary for a motion or a brief, the attorney must travel to the prison, rather than have a friend who is going there to visit another con do it .

- * Only licensed investigators can take testimony and interview prisoners. In the past, the attorneys were able to prepare energetic defenses by working with movement investigators - women and men who, authorized with a letter from the attorney, could go to the prison and do long taped interviews with the cons. These investigators developed close relationships with the cons, and provided another friend on the outside and a relaxed situation for the cons to think through the information necessary for their defense. Now, only licensed, professional investigators, who charge \$15 to \$20 an hour and who are not trusted by revolutionary cons, can go into the prison.

- * No tape recorders are allowed, allegedly to prevent the smuggling in of guns, which could be remedied by a thorough search if that was the real intent. Attorneys must take testimony by hand, a lengthy, impersonal process that sharply curtails the quality and quantity of the information presented.

▪ Long waits at the prison. Often, attorneys have been going to the prison and instead of waiting the usual 10-20 minutes for their clients, are detained for hours while their clients are located.

These are just a few of the many obstacles.

THE TORTURE OF PRISONERS

After George Jackson was killed and the guards re-established their military power, the prisoners in the Adjustment Center were mercilessly tortured. During those days of horror the inmates were miraculously able to put together an affidavit documenting their treatment and asking for immediate relief. The fact that tortured men had to write their plea in the stilted, tight-assed white language of the man's legal system makes their "affidavit" even more painful.

We, the undersigned, each being held incommunicado because of suffering from both wounds and internal injuries inflicted on our persons by known and unknown agents of Warden Louis S. Nelson.

That Warden Louis S. Nelson and Associate Warden James W. L. Park through their agents did, on August 21, 1971 kill one George Jackson and conspired to murder the undersigned who refused to join in the state official's conspiracy.

That officers Doe 1, Doe 2, and Doe 3 did open the cell gates and order the undersigned to come from their cells, thereafter gunshots or what appeared to be gunshots went off and all went into the cells in the back of the same building to avoid being shot. Thereafter the prison guards, armed with guns, entered the cell block and ordered the undersigned to come out to be killed. The undersigned were ordered by the officers to take off all their clothes and walk from the cell one at a time. Each of the undersigned received vicious physical beatings by prison guards with blackjacks, clubs and guns. Each of the undersigned was handcuffed and made to lay on the ground naked from approximately 4 o'clock P.M. to 10 o'clock P.M., at which time, one inmate, Allan Mancino, who was hand-and-leg-chained on the ground, was begging the guards to loosen the handcuffs, cutting him, and was told to keep his mouth shut by the officers guard who shot part of his leg off with a rifle. There, one Mancino was made to lay, begging for a doctor for approximately an hour before the guard would allow him moved. Thereafter the undersigned was made to lay on the ground while prison guards threatened to kill them and shot all around the undersigned; beating the undersigned in such a way wounds and injuries still show on them, their bodies, and they still suffer from aforesaid beatings, and are being held incommunicado by Warden Louis Nelson. While being held incommunicado the undersigned are being constantly threatened by prison guards.

I declare under the penalty of perjury the foregoing is true and correct.

Torture is a continuous process with the mental and physical being part of an excruciating whole. The minute to minute expectation of being tortured, lasting for endless hours, and for these men days turning into weeks, is part of the torture itself.

It is Saturday and George has just been murdered. You are lying on the ground, head shaved, naked and bleeding. A racist pig puts a gun to your head and shaking with fear screams, "Nigger, you're gonna be the next one dead. Hey, Charlie, you think we should kill this nigger next?" Four bodies over, Mancino is screaming. Other cons moaning from blows to the back, groin, and head. The guy next to you is shrieking because a cigarette has been put out in his face. The cuffs are cutting off the circulation in your arms so bad you feel like you are being slowly electrocuted. You try to hold out 'til court Monday, hoping you can tell the people what is happening, lawyers, families, the movement, anyone. But Monday comes and for some reason you aren't taken to court. The guard yells, "There's no more court for you, nigger, this is the court right here, and I'm the judge." Monday is another day of beatings and fear. On Tuesday you are finally brought to court - strong,



determined, but physically and mentally shaken. You rip off your shirt to show people the physical marks which are such a small part of the hell you're enduring and white liberal reporters, whose only tortures are on the psychiatrist's couch, say, "Hmmm, let me see the marks, let me see the marks. Gee, it doesn't look that bad, a little red and sore, but I mean, they said 'torture.' You know how these people exaggerate."

Fleeta Drumgo wrote his mother, Inez Williams, a note that day.

When John and I get back, they're going to vamp on us. I might get killed. They're talking about charging me with another beef. I'll be handcuffed when they vamp on me, so will John. When I left this morning pigs kicked me in the stomach and told me they're going to get me when I return this afternoon because of the information we let get out. (The information in the affidavit.) Stay in contact with Phil and tell him I love him. If we don't see the people anymore, know that we love them. I love you.

Your son,
Fleeta Drumgo

THE ATTACKS ON THE SOLEDAD DEFENSE

The government has given up even the pretense of a fair trial in the Soledad case. The courtroom has become a military tribunal. The Judge, D.A., and tactical police are now acting openly as a team.

The Monday after George was murdered, Fleeta and John were due in court for pre-trial motions. Their attorneys showed up in court, but Fleeta and John did not. The judge agreed to motions by their attorneys to have them brought in the next day, but Warden Park, whose legal responsibility it was to deliver them, was not held in contempt. Floyd Silliman, John's lawyer, said, "If we hadn't shown up we

would be jailed for contempt." Richard Silver, Fleeta's lawyer, said, "My client was not brought to court today because he is still being tortured."

On Tuesday the prisoners were finally produced. John and Fleeta came in, heads shaved, badly scarred, shaking, and barely able to walk. The spectators, jailed behind the \$15,000 glass partition to protect the judge, watched in horror.

The long affidavit documenting the torture. *Denied.* Judge found it "not relevant."

Request for two months continuance because of "prejudicial publicity" stemming from George's murder. *Denied.*

Request for state funds to proceed with the defense. *Denied.*

Remove the bullet proof shield that intimidates jury and spectators. *Denied.*

Keep Clutchette and Drumgo in city jail overnight to prove, by a physical examination, that they were beaten. *Denied.*

Allow convicts, ex-convicts, unregistered blacks, Chicanos and "poor people" to be included on panels for juries. *Denied.*

Any other motions?

The attorneys were becoming increasingly distraught as it became clear they were powerless to help. John Thorne, George's attorney, was told by the judge that he had no standing in the case since "A higher court now has jurisdiction over your client's life." Thorne screamed, "If you don't act in some way to investigate what's going on in there you're gonna blow this country so wide apart it will never be recognized."

On Thursday the unbearable tension ignited. Fleeta and John came to court, after more beatings, and screamed for help. Fleeta ripped off his shirt to show the marks of his beatings and yelled, "Go ahead and kill me now. They're going to kill me anyway, so kill me and get it over with."



Ms. Doris Maxwell, John's mother, started crying and screaming, "Oh God, someone stop them, they're killing my son, they're killing them." Two bailiffs moved on her and started pushing her out the door. She yelled and struggled and they couldn't get her out. As even the Chronicle described it "Tactical squad officers rushed in, clubs swinging, to help the bailiffs... Mrs. Maxwell was shoved hard to the floor, weeping uncontrollably." Two black revolutionaries, the Price brothers - Phil and Marty - rushed to her aid and were smashed with clubs. A shocked group of spectators ran in all directions as blood flew over the walls, floors, and faces of the Soledad supporters. By the time the court was cleared the Price brothers were charged with assault and battery on an officer as they were taken to the hospital. The judge scolded the defendants and attorneys for provoking the violence, and adjourned for the day.

The movement has always urged people to attend political trials to bolster the morale of the defendants, to counter the heavy pressures on the jury for a conviction, and to get the word out to the people in the streets. The state hopes that by beating spectators, kicking the mother of a defendant, and clubbing and indicting the people who went to defend her, the prisoners will have no supporters on the other side of their plastic shield.

DESTROYING THE VISITS OF CONS AND THEIR ATTORNEYS

I had the following phone interview with an attorney who is representing one of the men in the Adjustment Center.

How is he?

He's being beaten daily. He was beaten on the way to our interview. The guards said he was moving too slowly so they smashed him down to the floor and kicked him. By the time he came to our interview he was shaking and had a hard time concentrating. John Clutchette has gotten word out that he doesn't even want his attorneys to visit him anymore because he can't take the beatings he gets before and after each visit.

How was his spirit?

He was terribly frightened. He has been threatened with death every day, and after George's murder he believes them. During our interview he was cuffed, and there was a partition between us. The guard stood in a chair by the cell and kept yelling in, "Hurry up, hurry up." I asked him if we could have some privacy and he told me, "You're lucky you're getting a visit." My client virtually refuses to talk. He told me, in a whisper, "Can't talk, they'll kill me." Some attorneys have had to resort to writing notes back and forth when they can get a client without cuffs. One converses in Spanish to not be overheard.

How are you treated?

With contempt, but I'm getting more used to it. Each time I come in my briefcase is dumped out, each legal page is carefully checked, allegedly to make sure I haven't smuggled in any contraband political literature. Sometimes I feel paralyzed by how little help I am. I sometimes have to wait three hours to see my client, then have a half-hour visit that is no help to him at all. I work all day and they laugh at my motions and beat my client.

What do you think went on about George's murder?

I wish I knew. No one as of yet is willing to tell the whole story for fear of being killed. But I don't need to know everything. I've been lied to by these people for three years now. I know it was a set-up, and eventually word will get out. But some people will pay a very high price for bringing that information to the world. It's an honor working with those men.

THE SAN QUENTIN SIX

The chain of brutality seems endless. On the day that George was murdered, three guards and two white inmates were killed. It is impossible to figure out exactly what happened. If the guards were killed in retaliation for killing George and trying to kill other inmates, such actions are clearly justified in terms of self-defense. If 26 men are lined up and the man shoots number one and you are number two it is fatal insanity to argue, "Well I'm not sure he's gonna kill me, he hasn't established a clear pattern yet." And morally, self-defense is not just an

abstract concept, it means that members of a community cannot tolerate any of their members being attacked and killed. If George is murdered, that community must defend itself or face extinction - if not by hanging, by hardening of the arteries. Any revolutionary community that stands by while one of its members is killed should disband, because it will never be taken seriously by the people.

The state has consistently been unable to discover which brothers actually did retaliate against their jailors in accordance with the rules of evidence they profess in their legal system. A guard is killed. They have little idea who did it since most of the men hate the guards and the guards have systematically provoked almost all the men. So they single out suspects based on who they consider to be their most dangerous political enemies, pull together some convict witnesses who can be bribed or threatened, and hope that the racism of the juries, since almost all men charged are black, Puerto Rican or Chicano, and almost all of the jurors are white, will make up for their lack of evidence. But in three Huey Newton trials, the Bobby Seale - Ericka Huggins trial, the New York 21 trial, and the Soledad Brothers trial, the white juries have been undependable, from the state's point of view, honest from our point of view, and have refused to return guilty verdicts. The state does not want to charge all the inmates of Soledad or San Quentin with conspiracy to murder, because that would admit a politically damaging truth: that after the systematic beating, gassing, and murder of convicts that goes on in the prisons, most inmates are close to killing a guard at any time, and when one is killed, the state rarely has any idea who did it. To admit that would contradict their rhetoric about how most convicts love their cages, except for a handful of troublemakers.

But it is not even clear that the guards were killed by inmates. It is very possible that some or all of the guards were killed by other guards and the murders were blamed on the prisoners. Certainly Attica has shown us that the state will be more than willing to kill its own prison guards if that is necessary to kill black revolutionaries, and also feels free to tell the people that the cons did it until the facts finally come to light.

The result has been indictments against 6 revolutionary brothers, charging them with killing three guards and two inmates the day that George Jackson was murdered. They were beaten, tortured, and held at gun point while shots were fired into the ground close to their heads. The men are Luis Talamantes, Hugo Pinell, Johnny Larry Spain, David Johnson, Willie Tate, and Fleeta Drumgo. As of this writing they have been denied their right to defend themselves, are brought into court chained and shackled, and have even been denied their right to choose attorneys that they trust. Instead, they have been saddled with court-appointed attorneys who function against their interests, and who will make sure, out of their own political disagreements with the clients they are supposed to "represent," and out of their fear of the judge, to dilute the content of an extremely important political trial.

Despite very little publicity, not even a shred of legal rights, and systematic brutalization and torture by the prison guards since August 21st, Fleeta, Johnny, Willie, David, Hugo, and Luis have provided an incredible model of unity, courage, and political dedication. As David Johnson told us, "We are the nightmare that haunts these pigs when they try to sleep at night, the nightmare of a people's revolution they cannot reverse. That is what gives us the courage to go on, that is why with all their courts and guards and gun towers and police it is they who are scared more than us. All we have is the people. But that will be enough."

This trial of six brown and black brothers is one of the most important revolutionary struggles taking place in the country right now, and should become a major focus of the people's work for liberation.

FREE THE SAN QUENTIN SIX



THE SOLEDAD BROTHERS TRIAL

John Clutchette: not guilty on all counts

Fleeta Drumgo: not guilty on all counts

George Jackson: murdered on August 21, 1971

This article was first written in September of 1971, shortly after George was murdered. Now, as the Soledad Brothers trial has ended with the full acquittal of the two surviving brothers, John and Fleeta, it becomes even more clear why the state murdered George, if people need to be even more clear. The state had almost 1½ years to prepare its case before defense attorneys were even able to interview state witnesses. The state had life and death power over any cons who would risk testifying against their story. They had paroled almost all of the convict witnesses who agreed to support their story, even a man who had escaped from the prison and been caught less than a year before, an action which usually costs a minimum of five years before parole is even considered. The state rejected every black juror who was interviewed, and was able to try John and Fleeta with an all white jury. The judge was systematically and ruthlessly hostile to the defense, even denying motions to give John and Fleeta medical aid after they displayed torture marks in the courtroom shortly after George was killed.

In spite of all that, after months of trial, John and Fleeta were acquitted. One of the Soledad jurors, John Callahan, told the press after the verdict was delivered, "Even those of us who were initially very open to the state's case were amazed. The D.A. presented virtually no evidence against these men. These men were held for two years awaiting trial and when it finally comes time for the state to present its evidence, it has none."

If George would have been alive, the trial would have attracted much greater national and international attention. And now, with an acquittal on the charge that brought him to public attention there would be great pressure to parole him after he served 11 years for a \$70 robbery. The state anticipated that. When it became clear to them that their case was so weak they could not count on a definite conviction, they held their own trial, and killed George.

THE ATTACK ON THE JACKSON FAMILY

The state of California has already killed the only two sons of Georgia and Lester Jackson. Now they are pressing the matter to the rest of the Jackson family. The state is starting to build a case for conspiracy indictments against members of the Jackson family, and is already engaging in psychological warfare against them.

Ed Montgomery, understood to be the F.B.I.'s top contact in the press, has begun spreading a story that is ludicrous on its face, but deadly in its intent. He tells of his inside information implicating the Jacksons in an escape attempt for George.

He claims that Jackson instructed two of his sisters to bring derringers into the prison hidden in the hollowed out heels of their shoes, and to bring plastic explosives hidden in their vaginas. He also claims that Penny Jackson and Delora Ward, two of George's three sisters, tried to bring their children in to visit George with toy guns strapped to the inside of their pants as a "dry run" for a future escape plan.

It is doubtful that any indictments would come down on such allegations. It is an insult to the Jackson family and to you to go into a logical proof of why George would never plan an escape based on kids taking off their pants in the visiting room to unstrap guns and women taking explosives out of their vaginas. But the story has served its purpose, which isn't to indict, but to create a climate favorable to any future indictments.

After ten days of newspaper stories picking up this line of argument, D.A. Bales announced the indictments against Stephen Bingham. He was asked by a reporter, "Do you plan to indict members of the Jackson family?" He answered a benevolent "No comment." But again, the idea has been planted and the Jackson family, even while mourning, must prepare to handle the next attack on them.

In a petition to the United Nations demanding an investigation into her son's death, Mrs. Georgia Jackson says,

Now that they have murdered the body of George L. Jackson which they are attempting to conceal with the Hitlerian technique of the big lie, they will attempt to eliminate the rest of the family through phony indictments and charges. We expect charges to be brought against us, but we have no fear; George L. Jackson's spirit did not expire on August 21, 1971.

REVOLUTIONARY RETALIATION

Every revolutionary expects death at any moment. Every revolutionary movement expects to suffer severe losses. The way to stop more murders is not to appeal to the sympathy of the murderers, but is to raise the political costs so high they will think twice before moving the next time.





THE BLACK UNDERGROUND: THE GEORGE L. JACKSON ASSAULT SQUAD

On Monday, August 30, the front pages of the papers said,

**Shotgun-Wielding Men
Invade Ingleside Station
S.F. Sergeant Killed**

A police sergeant was killed and a woman clerk wounded at the Ingleside District Police Station last night when two gunmen entered the station, stuck a 12 guage shotgun through an opening in a bullet-proof glass window, and blasted away. Sergeant John Victor Young who was standing in a cubicle behind the window was hit by a blast in the upper right chest that blew out his entire chest, police reported.

The next day, the George L. Jackson Assault Squad, a black underground organization, issued a communique to the press to explain their action. The Chronicle printed the full text of their Message to Black People.

On the night of August 29, revolutionary violence was committed against the Ingleside Pig Sty as one political consequence of the intolerable political assassination of Comrade George Jackson in particular, and the inhumane torture in P.O.W. (Prisoner of War) Camps in general.

We retaliated against these acts along with the constant murder and brutalizing of Black people in their community.

We must not forget, nor allow our oppressors to continue brutalizing families, friends, and incarcerated comrades. Remember August 29, 1971!

THE WEATHER UNDERGROUND

George Jackson's funeral was held in the same small church that accomodated his brother Jonathan's the year before. Several hundred people were able to fit inside the church. Several thousand waited outside and listened to the services through loudspeakers. In the first few minutes of the services people outside were making some noise, a little disappointed that they weren't able to get inside. A black woman came to a window on the second floor of the church and spoke to the crowd.

"Look, I know you're disappointed that you have to stay outside. It's a very small church, but it's the best we could get. If George wasn't a revolutionary we could have had the biggest church in town. But he *was* a revolutionary and we should be grateful we can use this one. Now we're all revolutionaries and I'm sure you'll be able to be with us even though you have to stay outside. But you must be more quiet because you're interrupting the services inside.

She smiled and went back in. She wasn't very loud, but somehow everybody listened to what she said. I asked the person next to me, "Who was she?" She said, "That's George's mother, Mrs. Jackson."

For the white people in the crowd there was a sense of quiet sadness, mixed with the pain of feeling powerless. There was something about George's strength that made it hard to cry for him, but easy to miss him terribly. There was something about being in a white movement that is undergoing some important, but nonetheless divisive, struggles right now, that made it difficult to figure how to act to avenge George's death.

During the services someone came up to me. "Did you hear what happened, the Weatherpeople blew up three state prison buildings in three different cities." People weren't talking about the weather bombings with the usual "far out" trippiness that could have been equally applied to a good joint or a new record. There was much more of a combination of respect for the timing and coordination of the acts, pride that our people were doing something, and fear - even before Attica it was clear that things are getting very heavy and the time for trippiness is quickly disappearing.

The next day papers filled in some more details.

Powerful bombs ripped State offices in San Francisco, San Mateo, and Sacramento today in terrorist attacks. Nobody was hurt.

The bombings, in San Francisco - where the Department of Corrections office in the Ferry Building was blasted - and in Sacramento where the prison system's headquarters were hit, were apparently coordinated "revenge" raids in a retaliation for the killing of Soledad Brother George Jackson. There were no injuries in any of the attacks, but extensive damage.

That night on KSAN radio we heard a revolutionary news show broadcast the Weather communique explaining their actions. The communique ended.

There must be a price for racist attacks, a higher price for murder. Mass actions outside the Tombs last year might have prevented the murder of two Puerto Rican prisoners a week after the

rebellions. If Edward Hanrahan had been dealt with for the murder of Fred Hampton, James Park might have thought twice before participating in the murder of George Jackson. Every prison official must learn to balance his actions with his desire for personal safety.

The history of Black people in this country has been one of passionate resistance to the slave masters. All too often, they have had to wage that fight alone. Black and Brown people inside the jails are doing all they can - must they fight alone even now?

White people on the outside have a deep responsibility to enter the battle at every level. Each of us can turn our grief into righteous anger and our anger into action. Two small bombs do not cool our rage. We nurture that rage inside of us. We view our actions as simply a first expression of our love and respect for George Jackson and the warriors of San Quentin.

I was listening to the radio with several movement people, some of whom had pretty heavy criticisms of the Weather underground. After the broadcast the room was very quiet. Someone finally said, "They're really getting their shit together." We all agreed.

In response to George's murder, the Weather underground has displayed three important qualities. First, it showed that armed violence must be related to specific and serious grievances. A bombing that seems to be carried out somewhat randomly is much less effective, for while it is true in the abstract that the system is equally terrible every day, bombings that are coordinated with particular atrocities the system carries out - My Lai, the invasion of Cambodia, the Kent murders, Attica - make it clear to people that the violence is defensive in character, and get more support because they speak to the deep anger that people feel at those times.

Second, the underground showed impressive tactical effectiveness. Only one week after George was murdered they were able to attack major, clear targets directly related to that murder. In the early stages of an underground, actions are often planned around what people are able to do rather than what should be done. Blowing-up Standard Oil when George is killed because the corporations ultimately control the country is logical, but doesn't reach people emotionally because it's too abstract. But blowing up the "prison system's headquarters" and doing "extensive damage" is a major military-political advance for the Weather underground, and is showing people that urban guerilla warfare as part of an overall strategy is possible and effective.

Third, the communique itself was a major breakthrough. While we can't directly contact the underground we can learn a lot about its internal life by how they write as well as how they bomb. Previous Weather communiqués suffered from either a certain tight, turgid moralism or flipping to the opposite extreme - "New Morning," an uncritical, somewhat affected attempt to relate to the freak culture. This latest communique had a sense of personal depth and power - the ability to be heavy and demanding without being moralistic and rhetorical. It made George Jackson, and the Weather people, wonderfully real.

An underground cannot survive unless it is seen by the people above ground as really relating to their needs, a small army fighting for them. The underground must be more committed than the rest of the people, must push people, make them feel challenged, and even to some degree frightened and uncomfortable. But if that separation becomes too great, if the people begin to look at the underground as a

unch of people who do things that jeopardize rather than help them, then the underground forfeits its leadership. The Weather underground, through its courageous and strategically executed response, is becoming better understood, respected, and supported.

TWO, THREE, MANY UNDERGROUNDS

The word was that the Weather underground had done three coordinated bombings. But in their communique they said, "Tonight the offices of the California prison system in San Francisco and Sacramento were attacked." But what about San Mateo - the third prison office bombed? Certainly the Weather underground had no need to be "modest" or "cool." Apparently, another underground organization did the third bombing, totally unknown to the Weather people, and yet within two hours of when the Weatherbombs went off and for the same purpose!

Bay area movement people fantasized a situation where two guerrillas from different organizations would bump into each other in a dark building and get into an argument about which one got there first.

Besides the heavy damage actions there were several others, typified by the group that set fire to a Bank of America branch in San Francisco the day after George's funeral. Their brief communique read,

Brothers and Sisters:

After learning that the San Quentin Pigs had murdered our beloved comrade George Jackson, we set fire to the Bank of America on Cortland Street in San Francisco and burned out one of the bank walls.

This action, limited as it was, was the first of this kind for all of us. Action overcomes fear!

Small group, secret, urban violence is becoming a significant weapon against the state - and is on the rise. The New York Times of September 21 points out that the system is beginning to feel seriously threatened:

The United States has passed through another summer without massive urban riots, but group and political violence - from civil disorders to the ambushing of policemen - has become so widespread and persistent that some authorities find this more troubling than the concentrated upheavals of the nineteen-sixties.

Lloyd M. Cutler, executive director of the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, said, "If present trends continue. I think we're going to make Belfast look like nothing in another decade."

The political impact of George's murder has touched millions of people. The angry response has taken many other forms besides urban guerrilla warfare.

East Palo Alto, California, is virtually all black. Three out of the five members of the Municipal Council, legally elected officials, passed the following resolution.

It is utterly incredible that a prisoner in isolation in a maximum security facility could acquire and conceal possession of a gun as has been claimed by authorities.

Be it known to all who hear or see these words that we, as leaders, citizens, brothers and sisters of the East Bayshore community do hereby affirm our disgust and dismay at this atrocious act of genocide.

We demand full, complete, and fair investigation of George Jackson's murder and a redress of grievances including the conviction and execution of all parties to this cowardly and criminal act. We reaffirm our support for the movement to free the Soledad Brothers and all political prisoners in California and throughout the world.

George Jackson, an avowed revolutionary, a convicted criminal, is loved and mourned by his people. A black majority in a city council demands that the whites who murdered him be executed. When the system is confronted with the unity of black respectability and black criminality, black elected officials and black guerrillas, it has lost its capacity to divide and conquer, and ultimately, its capacity to stay in power.

THE EXPOSE AS A REVOLUTIONARY WEAPON

Revolutions try to unify ideas and actions - each by itself is not enough to change people's lives. New official lies in the George Jackson case will continue to unfold. People grew up being taught to trust the government, and even with the avalanche of brutality we have witnessed in the past decade, there are still people holding on for dear life wanting so badly to believe what they are told. Major events like George's murder are important turning points in people's lives. The Bay of Pigs, the lies exposed in the Pentagon papers, the lies about who killed the Attica guards - American politics is becoming synonymous with brutality and dishonesty. Two major pieces of new information have come out about George's death in the past week. As much as the bombings, they can help destroy the foundations of the system.

THE MANCINO DEPOSITION

Allan Mancino is a white con, one of the 26 cons who were in the Adjustment Center the day that George was killed. Mancino is considered a stand up con, not a racist. He is presently being held captive in Nevada State Prison in Carson City, Nevada. The state says he is there because he wants to testify for them and he fears the blacks will murder him. The blacks in the Adjustment Center say he is there being threatened and tortured.

Last April, John Thorne, George's attorney, took a sworn deposition from Mancino. The testimony fully supports the charge that there was a conspiracy to murder George Jackson. It is printed in full below.

I, Allan Mancino declare:

Toward the end of January 1970 I was transferred from "Max Row" at Soledad Prison to another section of O Wing at that prison - that being the second tier. At the time of this transfer I was then the only white inmate on that second tier: the other inmates were all black and there was known open racial combat at O Wing.

Approximately one week after I was moved upstairs from

"Max Row" several guards including one Officer Spoon came to my cell which was next to the last cell on the tier, the last cell being empty. Apparently they entered the tier through the back way, through the tunnel so that they did not pass in front of any other cells on the tier. They came at night about 10 o'clock P.M. and told me to come to the bars. They told me to strip, which I did and they examined me with a flashlight without yet opening the door. Then they had me dress.

Officer Spoon then cracked open the cell about 6 or 8 inches and then told me to turn around. Spoon then handcuffed me with my hands behind my back, which is not unusual. He then placed a blindfold over my eyes so that I was unable to see, and this struck me as unusual and scared me. When I asked why I was blindfolded I was told by Spoon that somebody wanted to talk to me, and he gave me a cigarette.

They then took me out of my cell and out the back door of the tier, a short distance into the tunnel from where they had apparently entered the tier earlier. During the move I did not have to pass in front of any other inmate cells. As soon as I left the tier and was in the tunnel I recognized several other voices being present nearby. One of these I recognized as Captain Moody's voice since he often frequents at O Wing because of the troubled status in that part of the prison.

Moody began to address me and asked how I liked being among the niggers on the second tier and asked how I felt about George Jackson specifically.

He asked would I care if anything might happen to George Jackson to which I answered that I didn't care one way or another. *Moody then asked me directly if I would kill George Jackson.* He said he did not want another Eldridge Cleaver.

I thought that this was very strange - possibly a set up for further criminal charges if I agreed. I didn't really understand what Moody was trying to do at this point. I was on the second tier and Jackson was on "Max Row."

Moody then hypothesized a situation where I would be taken out in the yard to locate a knife. He said that it would be unfortunate if I should break towards the fence and be shot if such an event actually happened. *I understood this hypothetical story to be a direct threat on my life if I did not kill George Jackson.* I realized that Moody was completely serious. When I refused to join in this plot to kill George Jackson I was taken back to my cell.

A few days after this incident with Moody and Spoon and the other guards I was transferred out of O Wing in Soledad to Palm Hall, Chino.

I declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is true and correct. St. Luis Obispo Prison, California. March 19, 1971.

John Thorne had planned to use that deposition as a major piece of evidence in George's defense. But George was murdered first.

It is wonderful that Mancino had the courage to give that testimony. I assumed that when it hit the press it would become a major national scandal. But it already has hit the papers! Buried on page five of the San Francisco Chronicle and virtually unheard of elsewhere.

THE SECOND AUTOPSY REPORT: THEIR LOSING BATTLE TO COVER THEIR TRACKS

It is becoming clear that the only thing the officials really planned was to kill George Jackson. They have been unable to put together even a faintly plausible story. One month after George was killed the state has been forced to totally reverse its original story of where the bullets entered George's body.

The Examiner of September 22 brought out the following story:

On August 23, Dr. Donovan O. Cook, Marin County Coroner, his assistant, Eugene Fontaine, and his investigator, Keith Craig, all said Jackson was apparently killed by a bullet that entered the top center of his skull. The slug crashed through the brain, down the neck, and along the right side of the spine, fracturing two ribs, and causing a rib bone to fracture the right lung, and exiting the middle back.

Today's report indicated that the pathologist, John Manwaring, had doubts just hours after Jackson's death as to where the fatal bullet entered the body. After checking with ballistic experts, he said the bullet entered Jackson's middle back, broke two ribs, traveled up the spine, through the brain, and exited the top of the skull - just the opposite path described by Dr. Cook.

The question raised by this new information is: could Jackson have been killed by a bullet from a twenty foot gun tower located some distance to his rear.

Other law enforcement officers theorized that Jackson could have been struck first by a bullet to the ankle, could have been falling with his head lower than his torso when he was hit.

Dr. Cook and Investigator Craig offered similar explanations both based on the assumption that the first bullet hit Jackson's ankle. "If he was flat on the ground he could not have been shot in that way." Of course, this is only speculation, but he certainly could have been on his knees with his head down.

As to the misleading autopsy report issued by his office two days after Jackson was killed, Dr. Cook said, "That was a preliminary, incomplete report. You must remember I was careful to say the apparent cause."

Before you begin to contort your body to figure out how your head would fall between your legs for the exact hypothetical split second in which it would be physically possible for a bullet to enter your back and come out through your brain from an overhead angle 20 feet over your head considerably behind you, consider the testimony of John Clutchette. On Tuesday after George was killed, when John was finally brought out of the Adjustment Center to court, he told the people, as reported in the Chronicle,

"They shot George in the back and then when he wasn't dead they came up and shot him in the head," John Clutchette burst out at one point in the chaotic court hearing.

John made those charges only 3 days after George was killed, one day after the first coroner's report, and almost a full month before the second coroner's report admitting that George was shot in the back! There will be more coroner's reports, and it is rumored that there was a private autopsy done that will disclose even more damaging evidence in the future. But still, it will come down not just to entry routes, but judgements, and the drastic change in the story seems to indicate that John's charges are true.

Fearing that information would come out, they had to announce it themselves and then construct a virtually impossible scenario to explain the new facts.

AN INTERNATIONAL INQUIRY INTO GEORGE JACKSON'S MURDER

Malcolm X was murdered shortly after he began to urge black people to take their problems to an international forum, and to see their liberation in international terms. Martin Luther King was murdered shortly after he began to actively link the struggle for civil rights at home with the struggle to end the war in Vietnam. The government is very afraid of black people's growing consciousness that their liberation will come as part of a revolutionary movement of third world peoples.

Mrs. Georgia Jackson announced,

Because I have experienced the lawlessness of the United States for the past 48 years and in particular the last two years of my existence in which the state of California and the United States has murdered my only two sons, I will petition the United Nations to investigate and protect the human rights of my son, George L. Jackson and those persons whose bodies remain incarcerated in the barbarous penal institutions of the State of California.



Ruchell Magee being shackled in the courtroom

ATTICA

It is hard to weigh the direct impact of George Jackson's murder on the prison rebellion at Attica. But it would be a grave mistake to underestimate it, because right now prisons are in the forefront of history, and rebellions are very emotional things. The primary reason the prisoners at Attica rebelled was because they wanted to. They fought for their needs, for their demands, for their survival. But they are international guerrillas with strong ties to the black nation as a whole, with strong ties to the international movement for revolution, with strong ties to George Jackson - and all of those ties were part of their needs. The Attica struggle jumped off on its own energy for its own reasons. But when things got rough and people began to question whether they should risk dying for those demands, George Jackson was a powerful force that said "Yes." And George Jackson's fate told them, "You have a better chance fighting than you'll have waiting for them to put you in segregation and kill you there."

Many people see the Attica struggle as another massacre, another example of American brutality.

But we must understand it for what it really is - a major political victory for the black liberation movement and the prison movement.

- * The Attica struggle was a military breakthrough - an unarmed army winning control of the man's fortress. The technical organization involving large numbers of people in responsible positions, carrying out functions effectively, and devising imaginative security arrangements, was brilliantly conceived and executed.

- * Strategically, the primary internal problem in the prison movement has always been white racism. White prisoners accepted the leadership of black and Puerto Rican cons, and exercised important leadership themselves.

- * The primary external problem of the prisoners movement has been winning support from a public that is paralyzed by a property fetish, and that wanted them in the can in the first place. The prisoners organized a broad united front of liberals, radicals, and revolutionaries to present their case to the people outside the walls. They were gaining more public support as each day went by and they became better able to communicate their grievances.

Their demands were extensive, firm, but possible. People will not risk death for empty slogans and the prisoners formulated those demands carefully - with the care of people who understood death to be a probable consequence for some of those who fought to the end. The two demands that the state refused to grant - replacement of the warden and total amnesty - were the difference between a real victory and a defeat. An uncooperative warden could kill every concession in the implementation stage, claiming problems of time and money, and counting on a lulled public not to protest the double-cross. No amnesty would mean that after the rebellion ended the most outspoken inmates would be charged with murder, kidnapping, and conspiracy, the way Mayor Lindsay did with the Tombs leaders. They were not holding out over two little demands. They were holding out because they were too smart to risk their lives and then agree to a deal that gave them nothing.

The Attica struggle is still going on, trying to re-organize itself in the face of the murders, the shipping out of most of its leaders, and the heavy repression the prison is now under. For the men in Attica, "Attica" does not mean the day the pigs came in and murdered 29 cons. It means a long struggle that began before most of us ever heard of the place, and will continue after the inevitable loss of interest by many of its new supporters.

George would have loved to have been at Attica. Had he been able to live a few more weeks, months, years he might have helped lead the future rebellion at San Quentin.

In many ways George Jackson was a revolutionary spirit even while he was alive. The state made sure his body was unable to touch many people, and be touched by them. So George Jackson's spirit went into cells in the Tombs, and Walpole, and Cook County and Angola, because his body could not. George Jackson's spirit went through the bars in Attica and touched the men there, because George Jackson's body could not. George Jackson's spirit is alive and growing material force in this country. For some of us that is totally clear. If you don't feel it yet, wait and see.



BLOOD IN MY EYE

This is Comrade George Jackson's last book. In its devastating power and strategic brilliance it establishes George, and his brother Jonathan whose writings form an important part of the whole, as the direct descendants of Malcolm X, the most important revolutionary leaders of their time. But like Malcolm, they are both dead, murdered, and their lives reflect the bitter tragedy that has simultaneously pushed our movement forward and set its limits.

A people's revolution must be led by a revolutionary organization - in China the Red Armies are led by the Communist Party, in Cuba by the 26th of July Movement, and in Vietnam by the National Liberation Front - but also, everywhere, by the masses of people, forged into unity for a protracted, collective struggle against an initially overwhelming enemy. The Amerikan government and those of us committed to destroying it understand two strategic ideas - that the revolution in this country is being led by the black liberation movement, and that no successful revolution can advance without a solid core of leaders who have won the trust of the people, who can live long enough to build close political relationships that can survive torture and the threat of death, and who can develop a long practice that allows them to constantly learn from their mistakes and correct them.

The black liberation movement, and the liberation of all oppressed people in this country has been dealt a severe blow by the government's relentless campaign of systematic assassination of black revolutionary leaders. A black political convention was held recently in Gary, Indiana to try to work out a unified, effective strategy. How different it would have been if Malcolm, Fred Hampton, Bobby Hutton, Martin Luther King, Jonathan and George were there, and if in the communities working among the people were the scores of other lesser-known black revolutionaries who have been gunned down in the past decade.

Once again, we are forced to read a compelling book, like Malcolm's autobiography, and with each word that moves us forward find ourselves overcome by the pain of realizing our beautiful teacher is dead. *Blood in My Eye*, no matter how brilliant and helpful, is not enough. It cannot replace George and Jonathan being here with us, applying their wisdom to the constantly unfolding conditions we face and help create, helping us decide what to do next, and giving us the courage to do what we know is right.

The revolution is not inevitable. It will happen because we work to make it happen. The first element of a successful strategy must be to protect the leaders we ourselves have chosen, and to retaliate forcefully and violently against the system when it murders the people we love. George and Jonathan were murdered with hardly a whimper from the people. The brothers at Attica were murdered and the people threw "right ons" over their graves from the imagined safety of their closets. We had a chance to keep them alive, to place some limits on the vicious brutality of the state. But the state was not afraid of us. The Nixons and Kissingers and Rockefellers and Reagans know that you can't overthrow a government by exposes. "Let them expose us all they want. George Jackson and Jonathan Jackson dead are worth a million critical articles, a million peaceful protests, a million 'Avenge blah blah' scribbled in chalk by white hands on campus walls." And of course, they are right, because the final insult is that so far, George and Jonathan were most respected by the system that killed them.

If *Blood in My Eye* makes any point clearly it is that revolution is a war, a political struggle in content but a military struggle in form. It is fought with guns and tanks and planes and poison darts and fists and spit and urine and blood. It is philosophical and spiritual and cosmic and liberating, but all those abstractions must be forged into concrete acts to have any meaning. At a time when bullshit is attacking our minds like a cancer George and Jonathan are profound by saying what should be obvious - that we are living in a dictatorship, that our protests are tolerated, even encouraged, because they are futile, and those few who go outside of the U.S. government-inspected and approved forms of protest are gunned down as a warning to the rest to keep moving in their circular but safe exercises. American fascism only exercises its power at the periphery, because it is fascism in its consolidated, secure phase. It will only inflict its brutality in mass form when that becomes necessary. The difference between My Lai and Kent State is that after four white students were killed the students stopped fighting. The Vietnamese did not. That is why the Vietnamese are winning. That is why the white student movement cannot be found.

The Jackson brothers make clear that the first step is not to assault the White House - their opponents' caricature of urban guerrilla strategy - but to protect the people and the programs that emerge from the liberation struggle. A movement that asks people to step forward to change the system, and then stands by passively while its people are gunned down, cannot be taken seriously, and has no chance of victory.

Soledad Brother, George's prison letters, is a great revolutionary document. But its style and tone were necessarily personal since the letters weren't written with a book in mind, and that allowed some of George's enemies, masquerading as, or even believing they were, his friends, to "translate" George's message into their own. But now George and Jonathan have put forth a book that cannot be co-opted by the marshmallow cyanide of middle-class praise. "His anger reflects the bitter plight of Black America. This book is a must for those of us who want an insight into our smoldering ghettos and prisons, and who will open their ears to the powerful cries of this powerfully persuasive man." Sounds good, until you read that it comes from a Ramsey Clark whose answer to George's anger is to praise the indeterminate sentence that kept him caged until they were ready to kill him, or from some liberal capitalist, whose answer is to beg corporations to dole out money for vocational training programs for ex-convicts.

Senator McGovern, Ralph Nader, and scores of white progressives, radicals, and alleged revolutionaries will choke on this book.

Soledad Brother opens you up to the pain of how ugly the country really is. It engages imperialism in a moral debate and concludes with a clear verdict of guilty. The sentence, death by hanging.

Blood in My Eye is the continuation of *Soledad Brother*, a manual for revolutionary victory because as George and Jonathan well understood, moral judgements cannot be carried out without military power.

George and Jonathan have left us a clear outline for revolutionary practice. Let those who claim to love them at least give them the respect of dealing with their ideas head on, and saying up front whether they think the Jackson brothers are great revolutionary leaders whose example should be followed, or that they are courageous but adventuristic types whose well-meaning anger got perverted into some bizarre acts that can only lead us to defeat. For many of us George and Jonathan are very much alive. We will not tolerate attempts to murder them with

facile eulogies and attempts to evade their clear imperatives for action. Their courage was integrally related to their strategy. Those of us who support that strategy should begin the process of figuring out its concrete applications for our own lives, and start putting it into practice.

Blood in My Eye outlines a comprehensive analysis and strategy:

The nature of the enemy— George and Jonathan make no effort to convince you that this country, Amerikan Imperialism, is ugly and depraved and must be overthrown. Like Lenin, by whom they are heavily influenced, they direct their efforts to the problem of *how* to make a revolution, not whether or not we should. Not because they consider educating the unconvinced unimportant, but because there are many books laying out the viciousness of the present system; and given My Lai, Kent, Jackson State, Chicago, and the assassination George knew was imminent, the government seems quite willing to educate the people to its own viciousness. So the primary task of revolutionaries is to educate the people by helping them resist that repression.

The system is described as racist, fascist imperialism, blood-soaked and urine-steeped. George and Jonathan are writing for people whose experience makes those descriptions clearly true, as true as calling an apple an apple.

The objectives of the strategy— There are two. At minimum, the survival of the black nation. "The black colony, U.S.A. has little choice. We must enter the war on the side of the majority of the world's people, even if it means fighting the U.S.A. majority. We fight to live. We can't wait until the generation that thinks of blacks as niggers and the rest of the world as gooks, chinks, spics, etc. has been educated away. It may be the reverse that happens, we niggers and gooks may be blown away first. Or if we survive, what will we inherit? A desert?"

The maximum program - communism. Not undefined "revolution," not social democracy like Willie Brandt and Harold Wilson, but communism, like the socialist countries of China and Cuba are working to build. The book is dedicated to the "black communist youth." In it, Jonathan makes a strong defense of communism as the correct revolutionary objective for black people. He argues vehemently against the idea that communism is a "white thing." "They have to know that when they attack socialism, the communist ideal, and revolution, that they are not logically attacking all that is white. They know that Ho Chi Minh isn't white, or Chairman Mao, or Nkrumah, Lumumba, or Toure. They know there isn't but one fight going on across this planet, the one between the imperialist forces of capitalism and its victims. Could it have escaped their notice that all the African states that really liberated themselves booted out the foreign businessmen and are now socialist states."

Strategy for action— Every revolutionary strategy that emphasizes the military - or "violence" - is maligned and distorted by those who fear its being carried out. They try to argue that the gun cannot solve all problems; but Jonathan and George do not argue that it can. They put forth a three-pronged strategy, of which two parts - educating the people and organizing the people into basically legal struggles - are to be carried out by the above-ground communist party. The third function, avenging the deaths of revolutionaries trying to carry out those programs, and attacking the government for cracking down on the people's survival programs, will be carried out by a separate, underground, communist army, working in close political affinity with the above-ground party, but separate from it organizationally. "There will be no educating, no consciousness, no revolutionary culture, no forward movement, without these three elements working with the harmony of a healthy organism."

Since people have a tendency to co-opt even the most forceful generalities, George and Jonathan illustrate their theory with some clear examples. "Why do we go for this old shit. Most of the fascist functionaries live as unguarded as I do. I could slip a knife between Max Rafferty's ribs. The Agnews and DuPonts, the Rockefellers and Morgans, all of the Ghetty, Hunt, Hughes types who sneak around in armored cars and jets are just as reachable. Anyone who will come out of his bomb shelter can be had. Imagine what Nixon's armored car would look like if I stepped out of the alley and hit it with the anti-tank rocket launcher under my coat - a ball of fire. Hell will be their reward."

They go on to break down, with vivid examples, principles of urban guerrilla practice. The sections on mobility, the ambush, camouflage, autonomous infra-structure and infiltration are designed to open up life and death conversations among small groups of close friends who read the book, accept its principles, and then begin to carry them out.

The central pillar of the strategy is that we can win, that every enemy has its strengths and weaknesses, and while the faint-hearted are overwhelmed by American technology, the Jacksons are just impressed, impressed enough to have studied it carefully and worked out some basic guidelines for its destruction.

In terms of its social organization, the primary strength of the imperialists is precisely their weakness - their top-heavy military apparatus, its lack of flexibility and initiative. "Their science of control turns upon them to weaken and wreck their own institutions. How can a massive department or bureau or regiment with hundreds of personnel ever coordinate any activity without the strictest regimentation, without a massive meeting place to familiarize themselves with procedures, without badges or uniforms to identify each other, without systematized patterns of thought and behavior, without clear-cut orders. Simple pig types can only learn to function by rote and in cycles." (Anyone who has been in prison knows this truth with vivid excitement. The slightest change in filling out of forms sends the screws into hysteria for weeks trying to adjust to the re-programming. I once heard a screw scream down to one of his superiors who wanted a con sent to the hospital. "Wait a fuckin' minute. I'm goin' nuts up here, I got 12 men in the shower and have to hand out these trays of food. What'ya think I am, a superman?" Apparently not.)

As Jonathan points out, "What would be the result if each pig were given a different job each day in a different area or if he had to vary his code every week or think for himself just one eight hour shift? Chaos."

But not only the imperialists' organizations are vulnerable - so is their vaunted technology. The U.S. is convinced that "winning wars depends mainly on gadgets and they presume that they can dictate the terms and grounds upon which each battle takes place. Their egos will never allow them to admit that all the ingenuity that has gone into the development of the blitzkrieg has been wasted. A \$100,000 tank can be destroyed with two dollars worth of materials, a jet is useless against a rifleman, and it also can be destroyed on the ground by mortar from miles away. Then too the pilot, years in the making, can be killed with a knife. The 'copter as a fighting machine is the most stupid of all costly gadgets, it can be heard from miles away, it can't be armored, a ten cent bullet can render it useless. Fighting really depends upon the people and small easily machined portable weapons."

And finally, what emerges beautifully and clearly from the book is that George and Jonathan are about winning, not about futile and ultimately destructive acts of despair.

"Our insistence upon military action, defensive and retaliatory, has nothing to do with romanticism or precipitous idealistic fervor. We want to be effective. We want to live. Our history teaches us that the successful liberation struggles require an armed people, a whole people, actively participating in the struggle for their liberty."

This book is impossible to summarize, condense. It is short, to the point. But perhaps the most important part of the book is who its authors are, because they are people who have lived out their fantasies, who have used their lives to the fullest, who have bridged the gap between intentions and actions. This raises important questions for white people, because the central point of the book is that we are not being asked to lead, we are being asked to join. The reader does not have the option to persuade George and Jonathan to stop what they are doing, to take their good intentions and "channel" them into more "constructive" radical, even revolutionary activity. George and Jonathan died carrying out their strategy. Their central strategic assumption was that they were not alone, that there were many people in this country who did not have the courage or wisdom to go first, but who would follow their example.

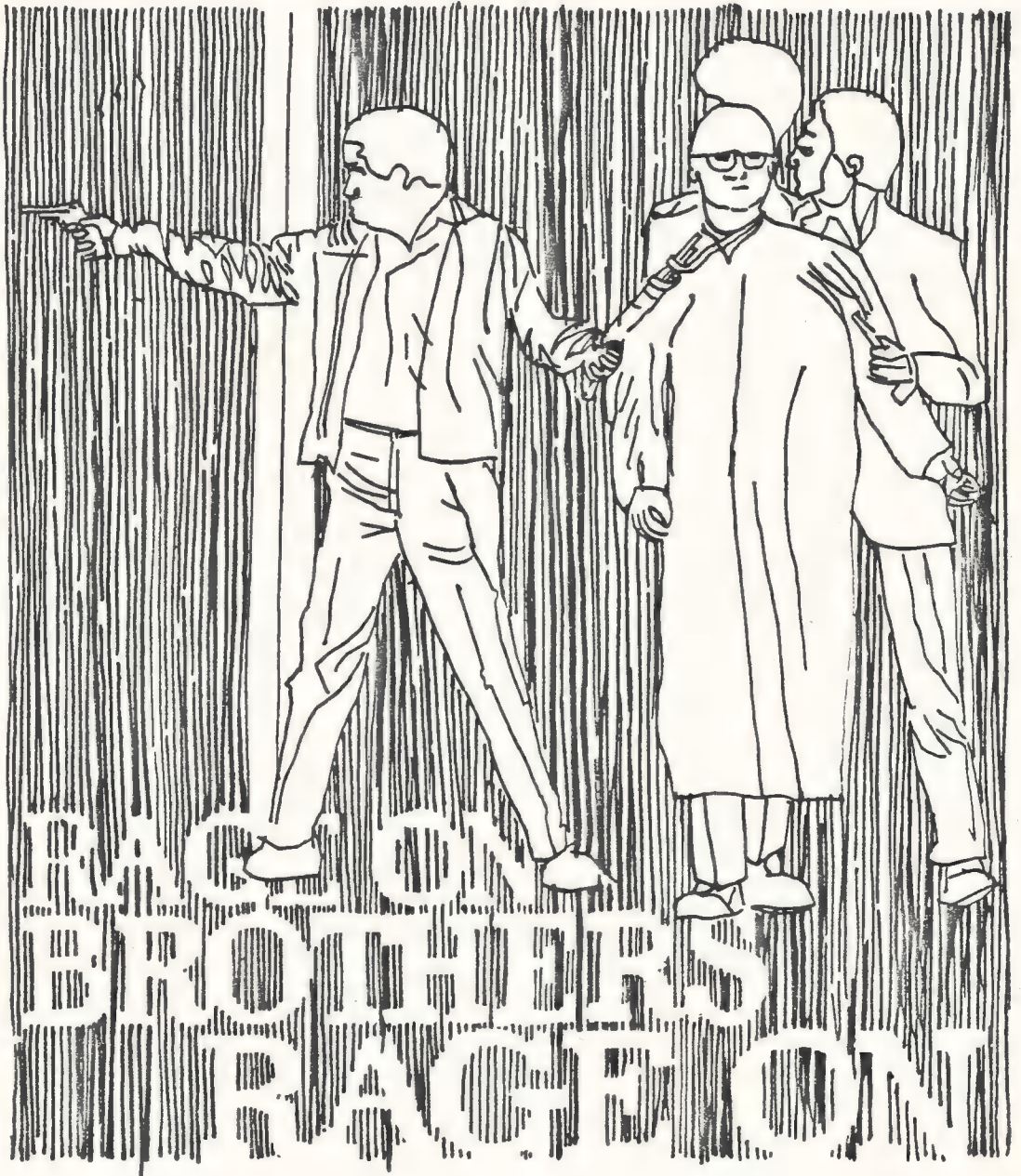
I was at Deer Island Prison the day that Jonathan Jackson, James McClain, William Christmas and Ruchell Magee took the judge hostage. I was there with over 600 other human beings, 60 percent black, the rest primarily East Boston Italians and South Boston Irish. The newspapers were forced to show four pictures, pictures of a black man with a shotgun taped to the neck of a white judge, pictures of a white screw handing over his gun to a black revolutionary. The headlines blared the usual bullshit - "Crazed madmen killed in unsuccessful attempt to kidnap judge." But we knew different. We were quiet, but very happy. All day brothers came over, mostly black, but many whites too. "Did you hear, did you see it? You should have seen the screws' faces. They're shaking just holding the paper. They know if their bosses will give up a judge, *they* don't have a chance."

The movement is far from dead. What is dying is the male-dominated, white, college student movement, that in its egotism and parasitic relationship to the bourgeois press it claimed to hate, equated "The Movement" with student demonstrations, and assumes that because it is now understood that college students armed with rocks will not topple the empire, revolution has been smashed. But the black liberation movement, the Chicano, Puerto Rican, and Indian liberation movements are all growing stronger. A mass women's movement in very early stages is clearly growing stronger. The GI movement and the prison movement are moving to the forefront of history, and while student demonstrations were part of a powerful antiwar protest movement, the cutting edge of that movement is the GI's, whose mutinies and fragging of officers were of much greater import to Nixon, and have pushed him to try to bring most of the troops home while still keeping the war going. But bringing the troops home, many of whom are third world people, now armed with military skills, means that there are several million Vietnam Vets, wounded, shell-shocked, fighting heroin addiction, and facing racism and unemployment at home, who are not at all "turned off" by Jonathan and George.

I met a friend of mine who is doing a lot of GI work. He works extremely hard, but the many attempts to use the "legitimacy" that the system gives to GI's have, like all others so far, been unable to stop Nixon's air war against the people of Vietnam. He told me, with a sense of frustration and disappointment, "We're starting to lose the support of a lot of the brothers. They say they're fed up with the bullshit, that they don't want to march, they don't want to be co-opted by Kerry

and Kennedy, and they don't believe the system will change by peaceful protest. I'm afraid they're gonna just go out and start blowing things up. A lot of them are talking a lot of heavy paramilitary stuff."

From his perspective, I can understand his disappointment. But I can picture Jonathan and George smiling, and telling the guy, "Don't put down that paramilitary stuff, the returning vets understand first hand from the Viet Cong what it will take to win"; and turning to the Vietnam Vets, telling them, "Rage on, brothers, rage on."



RPM

THE RED PRISON MOVEMENT IS AN ORGANIZATION DEDICATED TO BUILDING A COMMUNIST SOCIETY WITH THE PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY

Throughout our history, oppressed people in this country have risen up, been smashed, risen up again, and finally settled for a piece of the action - a small, rotten piece of the big rotten action. The result - oppressed people are still oppressed. We are not happy in Amerika. Our lives are bitter, ugly, depressing, and powerless. The rich still run the country, and us. **WE ARE COMMITTED TO ENDING THAT!** From the get go we make it clear - we don't want prison reform any more than we want rape reform or cancer reform. We want communism - a whole new way of life where the wealth of the country is used to serve the needs of all the people equally, and where the people, together, figure out and carry out how to build a good life for everyone. We want an end to living in a world-wide empire run by the rich at the expense of virtually every person, animal, and plant on the planet. These madmen must be removed from power.

We are not just interested in the problems of prisoners. Many of us have done time, and have a special hatred for the system because of having been caged by it. But we want to unite with all the oppressed people in this country to change it. We know that we can't do it alone. Out of our pain and anger we can understand the pain and anger of the millions of other people whose lives are made miserable by the imperialists. We are committed to the freedom and happiness of the Vietnamese people, and all other people fighting the United States government. We support revolutions against the U.S. government wholeheartedly. It's not our government, it's the rich people's government. If they love it so much, let them fight and die to protect it. And we support those revolutions because through them, we have seen what we must do to make ourselves free. Any enemy of the U.S. Army - inside or out - is a friend of ours.

THE RED PRISON MOVEMENT FULLY SUPPORTS THE SELF-DETERMINATION OF THIRD WORLD PEOPLES AND IS DEDICATED TO WORKING AMONG WHITE PRISONERS TO EDUCATE THEM AND COMBAT THEIR RACIST IDEAS AND PRACTICES.

Malcolm X, when asked by white people what they could do to aid the struggle of black people, told them, "Don't try to liberate us, we're doing fine without you. Go among your people and work there. That is where the problem is." We fully agree. Throughout this country's history, white people, our people, have been the biggest flunkies of the rich. They have agreed to live in slavery in return for being the best-paid and best-treated slaves. At night, the white slaves go to bed dreaming of someday becoming their white masters, only to wake up every morning with their chains still snugly fastened. At night their white masters, after locking them in, go to bed laughing at what assholes the white slaves are.

White people have paid a heavy price for their racism. They have earned their petty privileges by acting as hired guns for the rich - keeping down the liberation movement of black people, and the few whites who saw through the racist bullshit. In prison, the biggest rats are the biggest racists. Check it out. A white con gets locked up by a white screw who was sent there by a white administrator who was hired by a white governor who was put up by a white millionaire. And as the white screw locks him up at night and goes home, the white con, in a cell next to a black con, thinks to himself, "Man am I lucky I'm not black." And when the white con feels miserable and lonely and tortured and humiliated, he doesn't take it out on the system, he does what the system has taught him to do - he blames the blacks.

White prisoners must purge the poison of racism out of their systems. Black people are no longer counting on any support from whites. Even if every white person opposed the black liberation struggle, more than 30 million black people, and millions more Chicanos and Puerto Ricans and Native Americans (Indians) concentrated in large numbers in the major industrial and government centers of this highly centralized country, and supported by a growing international movement of people of color from Africa to Asia to Latin America to the Mid East, can defeat the United States and those whites who are stupid enough to defend it.

Black revolutionaries have made it very clear that any whites who actively support the U.S. government will be treated as part of that government. We fully agree. Over 50 thousand poor and oppressed Americans, the majority of them whites, have died in Vietnam, used by the rich to try to defeat a revolution of oppressed people like themselves. The ruling class gives their parents a medal, slings some bullshit about how they died for freedom, and says in private, "the supply of assholes is unlimited."

But they are wrong. Things are changing. Many white people are starting to wake up, and are coming to realize that the struggle of black, Chicano, Puerto Rican and Indian people is also a struggle for *their* freedom. At Attica, many whites, when confronted by the example of black and Puerto Rican inmates who said, "we're going without you, but you're welcome to come along," made a solid move forward for their freedom. The government had never seen an alliance like that, and faced with it, went berserk, and was forced to kill 10 of its guards to try to crush that movement.

They will not succeed. We still have many problems. Our people still lose hope too easily. Too many of our brothers and sisters, even inside the joint, are strung out on drugs. Too many of our best fighters inside promise to join the struggle on the streets, but come out, lose their sense of direction, and quickly get eaten up by the cancer that is awaiting them. But that will change, because it must change. We will give our lives to help that change come about as quickly as possible.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE SHORT RUN, WHAT IS YOUR PROGRAM FOR PRISON REFORM, HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT PROGRAMS TO REHABILITATE THE CONVICT SO WE CAN COME OUT AND PLAY A CONSTRUCTIVE ROLE IN OUR GREAT SOCIETY? *We support the incarceration and rehabilitation of the ruling class. The poor and oppressed should not be in prison.* Some of our sisters and brothers are in prison for things they didn't even do. Most are there for crimes against themselves, like drugs, or acts against property - metal, paper, wood, stone. We totally oppose locking human beings in a cage for putting a needle in their arm, or committing crimes against paper.

We realize that some of our people have done harm to other oppressed people - assault, rape, muggings, and murder. We take these matters very seriously, and are deeply upset by them. But the solution cannot be found in the oppressed being locked up by those who have created this society. We oppose the locking up of purse snatchers by international gangsters. We oppose the locking up of desperate, miserable committers of rape by those who rape women as a matter of systematic, conscious policy. We oppose the locking up of people who have committed acts of murder by those who dedicate their lives to mass torture and murder.

Our alternative involves three parts. 1. Educating our people to the misery, futility, and immorality of directing their hatred of the system against themselves, and of directing their desire to strike back at the system, against other oppressed people. We must show the people that something better is possible, and that they are undermining the unity of the people, which we desperately need to change our lives, by selfishly trying to grab a moment of pain relief at the expense of their sisters and brothers.

2. Second, we must develop community education programs that take a firm, angry stand against those who assault, rape, and murder among us, and make it clear that those who commit these acts are outcasts from the community we are trying to build. We are not social workers who can talk 'sympathy' and then flee home to the suburbs to escape those 'animals.' Our anger comes out of respect for ourselves and respect for oppressed people who mistakenly take on characteristics of pigs. We offer our support and respect to those who work to uplift the collective situation of the people. We will withdraw it from those who refuse to discipline themselves, and who try to use the people. 3. Third, we will move to protect ourselves and punish those who attack us. We will *never* go to our primary enemy - the government. We will *never* go to the police, courts, or army to ask protection from other oppressed people. At times in the short run that choice will be painful, but that is the choice, and the only path that leads out of slavery. If the people depend on the police to defend them, then they will never learn to take them on and win the total change necessary for their lives.

We will teach karate, develop community patrols and take all other actions necessary to protect ourselves from those of us who have been driven to savagery by the system. But we will never confuse those sisters and brothers with the system.

Many of our people who have committed acts against the people are deeply sorry, and have dedicated their lives to ending the society that produced their misdirected violence. But those sisters and brothers who have put themselves through a painful process of self-criticism, and who have become revolutionaries, have been subjected to harassment, and brutality and even death, by the hands of the prison officials, as the price for that transformation. Despite its talk of law and order and crime in the streets, the system much prefers people who rape and people who rob to people who work for revolution.

And for you on the streets who do not know if you should support the prison struggle, what about *your* life? Do you work for the system oppressing poor people for the rich? Do you work in a job that produces no value for the people but gets you a good salary? In your personal dealings with others, do you oppress people through your physical size, or strength, or the advantages the system gives some people because of education, or race, or sex, or age? Are there people who would like to be protected from you? And if others showed you that you were hurting them, oppressing them, do you think being locked in a cage for years of your life

would help *you* change? HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE DEMANDS OF PRISONERS TO CHANGE THEIR IMMEDIATE CONDITIONS? IF ONLY AS A PARTIAL STEP. WHICH DEMANDS DO YOU THINK ARE IMPORTANT, WHICH DEMANDS DO YOU SUPPORT? We place primary emphasis on prison struggles which advance the power of prisoners as a group, and which focus on inmates as prisoners of war. We place much less emphasis on demands raised by some cons, and encouraged by liberal reformers, which accept the system's low opinion of prisoners, and which only ask for slight improvements in the day-to-day treatment of the slaves.

We fully support any demands raised by black, Chicano, Puerto Rican, and Native American inmates. Those demands have centered on rebuilding their culture in the face of white society's efforts to destroy it, for example, instituting black studies programs with outside staff from the black community, getting black grooming products in the canteen, hiring of black officers who at least will stop the singling out of black inmates for racial abuse on top of the regular abuse all prisoners receive, and drastically increasing the number of black inmates in the better jobs, living quarters, and occasional training programs in the prison. We support those, and any other demands third world inmates feel will advance their liberation as a people.

We especially support demands made by third world prisoners for compensation, that is, for sharp increases in services supposedly available to all inmates equally, but in practice given out to white inmates in much greater degree to foster the reactionary alliance between the white administration and the bulk of white inmates. For just one example, in Massachusetts, black convicts receive on an average 150% more time for the same crime as white cons, and in prison, the same pattern continues. White inmates should strongly support the demands of black inmates, even if it means having to give up some of the meager advantages they now possess. If there will ever be a real unified movement of prisoners against the administration, white inmates will have to show through *concrete acts* that they are willing to break with the racist policies that have kept them down all these years, and that they want to help improve the conditions of life of their black sisters and brothers.

While helping to equalize conditions of all convicts is one goal that white cons must support, our objective is not to just re-shuffle the distribution of the crumbs. We must improve the conditions of all prisoners, and build a society that can abolish its prisons.

We place heavy emphasis on demands that increase the time inmates can spend with their families, and to make sure that that time is spend under conditions of respect and privacy. One of the first things slave owners did was to break up the families of slaves, leaving the slaves rootless and weaker. The prison officials want to break down the bonds between prisoners and their families, and to make the families ashamed of their people inside. In fact, most families of prisoners have stuck with them despite the abuse and harassment of the prison officials, and we strongly support the efforts of families and cons to drastically improve the conditions of visiting.

We place heavy emphasis on demands which increase the power of inmates to organize for their full human rights. The slave owners went to great efforts to break up any meetings of the slaves, and the slaves were forced to use any pretext to get together, exchange information, and make plans, especially Sunday church services. In the prisons too the cons are denied the right to assemble and plan their

liberation, and must use any bogus program from Alcoholics Anonymous to the church to get together. We support struggles that give cons more freedom to organize, plan, and plot against their oppressors.

The slave masters would never let the slaves go off the plantation, or communicate with people outside, afraid that the slaves would make alliances with other oppressed people. We support the efforts of cons to communicate freely with their supporters on the outside, with the media, with their friends and family. We support full, unharrassed access to legal counsel of the con's choice, and abolition of the "attorney of record" bullshit that has kept many attorneys in the waiting room without ever getting to prospective clients.

The slaveowners made desperate efforts to prevent the slaves from educating themselves. Education was expressly prohibited for slaves, and slaves caught reading were beaten and often killed. We support the right of cons to read whatever they want, and to receive whatever material they want from whatever source they feel will help them. No censorship. None of this ragtime "direct from the publisher" bullshit, which just prevents cons' families from bringing up books direct. No throwing out of books and claiming they were never received, no preventing political literature from coming in the prison.

These are the struggles which we think are most important in changing the lives of prisoners, and changing the nature of life in this country. But we make it clear, we are opposed to any demands the administration makes on prisoners. We support any and all demands the prisoners make on the administration. Give us an inch and we'll take a mile, because it's our freedom, and until we have it all, we'll be angry, rude, and ungrateful.

Prisoners are starting to set an example for other oppressed people. They are fighting not just for themselves, but for all the people. During demonstrations at two Massachusetts State Prisons, Framingham for women and Walpole for men, the men at the Billerica House and Jail - a county prison - staged their own demonstration in support of the sisters at Framingham and the brothers at Walpole. When Nixon announced his latest murderous plan to try to stop the Vietnamese people's struggle, the bombing of Hanoi and the mining of Haiphong harbor, 15 men at Deer Island Prison, at great risk to themselves, had a demonstration against the war. In prison the pigs tell you as soon as you walk in the door, "Do your own time, don't do anybody else's time." That makes sense if you're a pig, but it is suicide for a prisoner. Prisoners are showing the system that they understand that we can never be free until everybody does everybody's time.

For centuries the rich have not cared about the people in prisons except to make sure that the gate was locked securely. But now, as they see a revolutionary movement developing among the prisoners, they are getting worried and starting to show some interest. Groups like the Jay-Cees - Junior Chamber of Commerce, and young slick capitalists from corporations like Xerox, Prudential and Polaroid, are starting to infiltrate the prisons to buy off the leadership of the struggle, to teach the cons the rules of government-supported crime - big business - and to convince the cons they are a bunch of lost and misguided people who should beg for forgiveness.

The capitalists are trying to cool out and divide the men. And sadly some of our people are falling for it. That is for several reasons. From the time they were infants, our people have been taught to look up to and try to be like the rich, to despise and feel ashamed of working people and poor people. When a rich capitalist

comes in with his expensive suit, takes off his jacket and tie, and says "I really dig where you are comin' from" which he learned to say in a course his company gave him on "How to talk the language of the animals." the con laps it up like a parched traveller at the oasis. Many of our people are scared, they want out bad, and they can't shake years of growing up in a dog-eat-dog world. So they try to forget that Polaroid makes identification passes for the South African government so black revolutionaries can be identified, tortured, and murdered. They forget that the Jay-Cees are rich young punks who want to cool out prisoners so they can become rich old punks. And they forget that there are no good jobs in this country because the economy is used to turn out bombs and plastic bullshit and cars that fall apart and ruin the air. They try to forget that they couldn't get a job when they didn't have a record, that Nixon ran for President promising to cut inflation by laying off over a million people, and that the economy is getting so bad you have people with college degrees selling Fuller Brushes door to door. These capitalists have job training OK, job training for a few selected cons they want to buy off. See what happens when 650 cons show up at the gates of Xerox, or Polaroid, or Prudential at one time and ask for the jobs they're talking so much about. They'll be lucky if they're not all shot.

We do not oppose letting these capitalist executives into the prison to spread their poison. In fact, we think it's a good idea so the prisoners can learn first hand how these sweet-talking murderers work. After they have been around for a while, and show that they cannot deliver more than a few crumbs, that their real motives are to keep the prisoners in prison, and that the system they represent is the system that has produced racism, war, subjugation of women, poverty and prisons, we will throw them out on their ass - in the prisons, and in the country.

At this point, our organization has come from, and relates mainly to, the men's prisons. But we are fighting for the liberation of our sisters too, and we hope the RPM will grow in women's prisons as well.

Many men still believe a woman is an aspirin - she lives just to relieve his headaches from the system. She is supposed to clean his house, take care of his kids, fuck on command, get a job when he needs extra money, go back to the house when there is work to be done there, and at all times, shut up when she gets on his nerves. He describes her as a nagging, stupid bitch, an ungrateful bundle of hysterical emotions. He says she is worthless in the struggle against the system: "Man, I'd never take a broad to do a job, they crack up under pressure."

We think that whole image of women is a lie, a lie men tell to themselves to justify oppressing another person. The revolution has no use for the low men on the totem pole acting like screws to their mothers, wives, girlfriends, and kids, too.

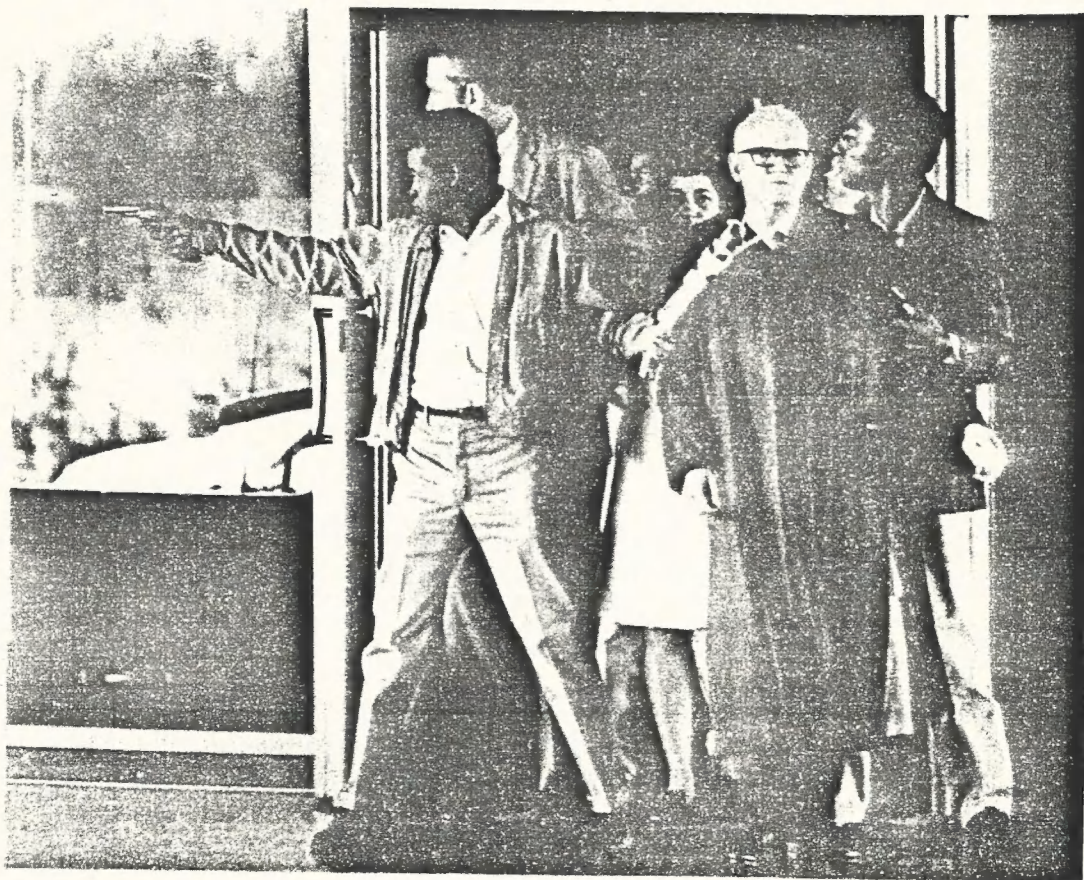
We understand a lot of its roots. The system makes us feel like dirt, and we learn in school and the movies and T.V. that the way to be big is to push other people around, to have other people do what you say even if it makes them miserable. So we grow up thinking pigs like John Kennedy and Onassis and John Wayne are the thing to be. We must stop lying to ourselves, stop hating other oppressed people who we need to build a movement with. Many times women have tried to love us, but because we hate ourselves so bad and feel so weak against the system, we take everything out on them.

The sisters are making it clear they will no longer put up with this bullshit. Some of them just don't want to work with men, period. They feel men are hopeless, a bunch of little napoleons walking around with bruised egos, always needing everybody to agree with them and tell them how big and bad they are.

Many sisters are willing to work with men, but only if we are really willing to change. They will work with us as full members or not at all. They will develop strategy and carry it out, not sit quietly waiting to find out what the men have planned for them. As the struggle intensifies they will be there helping to lead the assault, not making sandwiches and carrying band-aids. The Pentagon bomb was placed in a women's bathroom. The sister carrying it in could be a woman you knew all your life but never really knew at all.

As Uncle Ho has told us, "People who come out of prison can build up the country/ When the prison doors are opened, the real dragon will fly out." But not if that dragon breathes his fire on the people instead of the pigs. It will be hard for the brothers to learn to listen as well as talk, to get criticized as well as criticize, to really trust other people, to slowly learn that down-deep they really *are* good people, and don't have to try to prove it all the time. We want to work with our brothers a lot. But they must understand that the people's revolution will involve many welfare mothers, women factory workers, women ex-prisoners, secretaries, nurses, women working at housework and rearing children, and these sisters will not tolerate being pushed around by men.

We are having many problems living up to our own words. We still find ourselves doing all the things we criticize, but we are moving in a positive direction. We need many more sister dragons and brother dragons to come out and help us grow.



Comrade George is not a commercially produced book. The women and men who worked to put this book together — the writers, layout artists, typists, printers, the people who contributed ideas and photographs and graphics — did so because they see the importance of spreading the information, and the spirit, of the black revolution among the people.

Alternative presses in this country are groups of women and men working toward collectivized non-sexist, non-racist work. We are trying to establish political relationships with the people whose literature we print and publish. (Serving the people does not mean doing all their shitwork; we work with, and not for, our sisters and brothers.) We recognize the importance of creating our own jobs — doing work that is necessary in our communities, and that is non-capitalist, and yet work that can give us a survival income.

There will be no profits made from this book. Profit is value ripped off from the people for someone's personal gain. Any surplus from Comrade George, after our expenses, will be used to distribute this book free to prisoners and to help support the work of the Red Prison Movement and the Hovey Street Press.

Hovey Street Press Working Collective

This book will be mailed free to any prisoner. Requests should include the prisoner's name and her or his prison address. The book will be mailed "direct from the publisher," a common requirement of prison officials.

Members of the RPM are available to speak on campuses and to community groups. Book orders, contributions, and requests for speakers should be sent to:

Red Prison Movement
Hovey Street Press
1255 Cambridge St.
Cambridge, Mass. 02139
telephone (617)- 354-8740

Contributions to the Red Prison Movement are also needed, as our work is limited much more by lack of money than by lack of need or interest among the prisoners.

Please enclose \$2.00 for each copy.

Postage rates are:

First Class: add 40 cents per copy.

Book Rate: add 4 cents per copy up to 15 copies;
3 cents per copy over 15 copies.

(First Class takes a few days; Book Rate takes about one week to New York, two weeks to San Francisco.)





ben tarcher/optic nerve